





THE AMERICAN HEART

BY

DOROTHY FROOKS, LL. B.; U. S. N. R. F.

With an Introduction By
DR. HENRY CLEWS

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no 1

*With love and appreciation this book
is dedicated to*

My Parents

*and the American Hearts, who have
encouraged and inspired me in my work
for the United States and Allies,*

Col. Robert M. Thompson

Col. T. Coleman DuPont

Lt.-Com. Christopher Marsden

Hon. William F. McCombs

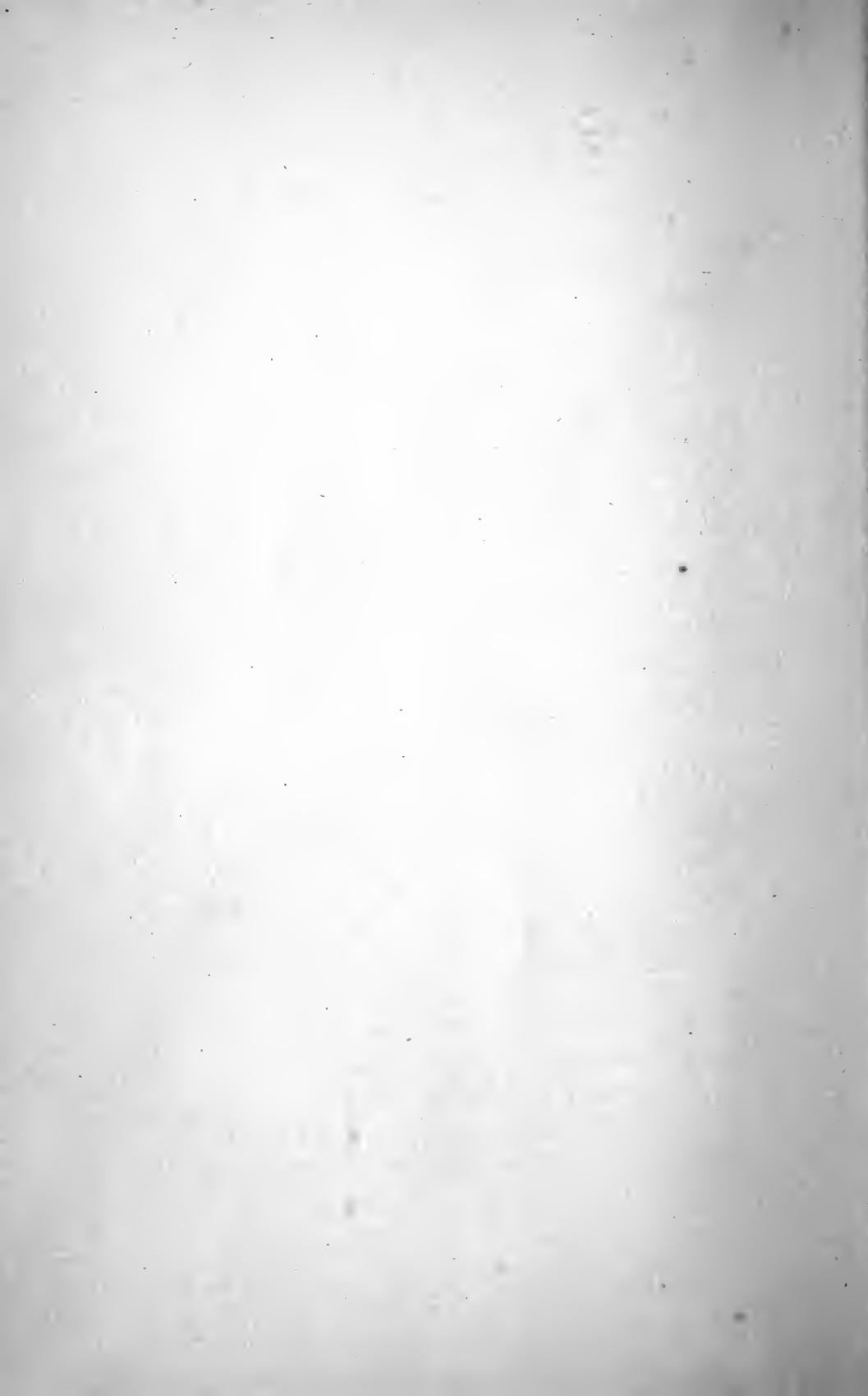
Major J. Lincoln Adams

Hon. Francis J. Heney

James D. Phelan

Lady Genessee Claflin Cook

Dr. Robert S. Freedman.



INTRODUCTION

I have the honor of being president of the Peace and Arbitration League of which President Wilson and ex-President Taft are honorary presidents, and who thoroughly believe in the principles of our league. While I preach peace with honor, such circumstances as war should find us fully prepared for the unexpected, particularly at the vulnerable points along our coast.

There was recently established at Cleveland, Ohio, a World Court Congress of which I was prime mover, for the purpose of advocating and spreading far and wide the grand idea of a Supreme Court of the World. I am glad to say that in the programme for world peace, it was expressly stated that the principles of arbitration were still to be conserved as a preventive of war, and that appeal to the world court was to be taken only after every other means of settlement of disputes between nations should have been tried. That is to say, when arbitration is in vogue, it shows a reasonable attitude of mind, a desire to thrash out

and compose differences of opinion. It is an expression in advance, of a wish to effect a peaceful settlement. Let us continue to urge all nations to adopt arbitration treaties with each other and ourselves, thus preparing the world for the establishment of a World's Supreme Court.

As all progressive nations would be represented in the proposed world court, it will probably form a body of jurists as large as the Senate of the United States. Of course our work is now only preparatory. The American citizens should not relax their efforts and should use their influence to secure a lasting peace if possible. The dreadful carnage and the woeful destruction of property in this terrible war would make it obvious to the warring nations that some other method than war, to settle their differences, would have been better. As peace advocates, we have right and reason on our side. We aim to preserve and construct, while war in the last analysis means nothing but destruction and chaos. We are progressing because we desire to conserve civilization and true culture, and extend their blessed influence over the entire world. The business men of all nations deplore the bloody conflict in Europe, for it will probably set the wheels of progress back a quarter of a century at least; in great part undoing the work of

business men, scientists, inventors and all enlightened and progress loving people.

But there is a better day to come, the fact that a supreme tribunal of the nations is now proposed and will be, I believe formulated at the coming Third Hague Conference, is in itself a bright augury for better things in the not distant future. Governments can then avoid war, which at present the final arbiter of disputes arising between them. We look forward to a bright and happy time when calm and just decisions shall be rendered by an authoritative world tribunal and all disputants shall separate in peace with honor.

The establishment of a world court would be, also, an epochal event, as showing the wonderful changes in human relations that have taken place during the Nineteenth and Twentieth centuries. It would be a sublime achievement, the most brilliant act of statemanship of many years; and the men who shall bring this plan to completion on behalf of their respective nations will rank very high in history as constructive statesmen.

The millions of soldiers engaged in this terrible conflict are, for the most part, recruited from the ranks of the workers, the men who labor in the field and mine and factory; who do the rough work of the world, who are the bone and sinew of every nation. It is they who

suffer the most, they, and their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters; they must bear the brunt of the hardships and deprivations of war, and, as a consequence I predict that the workmen themselves will forbid war in the future. They have the political power to say to their representatives, "We will fight no more," for in the ballot and in the peace agencies established at The Hague and in the Supreme Court of the World, justice can be obtained without ever again having recourse to the barbarous arbitration of war to settle international disputes.

Terribly destructive is modern warfare, with its missiles hurled from distances sometimes of many, many miles, shattering and demolishing hitherto impregnable fortifications. And when these engines of destruction are directed against the trenches, hundreds of thousands of men die ingloriously, or are maimed, disfigured or crazed beyond redemption. They have no chance to avoid death or injuries inflicted on them by the invisible but powerful enemy. The scouts of the air indicate with marvelous accuracy to the cannoneers the exact location of the defenses—and behold, these defenses are reduced to ruins in a few minutes and their human occupants annihilated, with God only knows, how much suffering, terror and despair. Wars in these days

are waged from the air by machines which carry death-dealing bombs and piercing darts, making for sudden destruction. They are carried on from the sea by giant battleships and other destroyers with long range guns belching fire and death at the helpless inmates of the coast defenses; and finally, wars are carried on by the invisible, swift and merciless submarine, whose sudden stroke sends immense ships of war to the bottom of the sea in a twinkling of an eye together with their precious freight of human souls without an instant given them to escape their horrible doom.

Where are now the pomp, glory and circumstance of war? Is there anything glorious, anything to inspire and enthuse young people, to kindle their hearts and brighten their eyes in anticipation of high achievement in this appalling kind of warfare? The saddest part of the war is that the youth and flower of nations is being shot to death as recklessly as the animals of the forest.

It is not surprising that the idea of peace through arbitration should lead up to the present movement to establish a high court for the adjudication and decision of disputed questions arising between nations. The uncivilizing and brutalizing tendencies of war are visible to all of us. We have only to read the war news in our newspapers to feel an added horror of war,

which our peace societies have for many years denounced as barbarous. So it is but a step from the principle of arbitration (which we have so long stood for and urged upon nations as the best method of settling quarrels) to the establishment of the Great Court of Nations which is now proposed. Arbitration can settle many questions finally and with honor to all concerned, but a great International Tribunal can, and shall, God willing, decide all questions between disputants with high authority and unquestioned finality.

What a grand prospect is here unfolded before us! What a pleasing glimpse of a splendid future for mankind this great idea brings to our minds and hearts! Think of it, a whole world at peace, nations as well as individuals—scrupulous in respecting each other's rights; the strongest and most powerful as well as the weakest on the same level of justice and humanity! Men will no longer assert the hideous doctrine that "might makes right," but instead the entire world will become peaceful, law-abiding, happy and industrious—a glorious consummation devoutly to be wished.

Due credit must be given to the efforts of our present administration in the cause of peace, regardless of the fact of the unavoidable war. President Wilson has done a noble work, following in the footsteps of William Howard

Taft in inaugurating and bringing to practical completion arbitration treaties with foreign nations thus putting America in the forefront as the initiator and the greatest exponent of the great idea of peaceful methods of the solution of international problems; which policy will see its full fruition and magnificent culmination in the International Tribunal of Justice ultimately to be established. Universal world peace will ultimately prevail. The United States of America, always in the vanguard of progress and enlightenment, will lead the nations onward to the ultimate goal. Even the backward nations will eventually participate in the happy result. We are the pioneers in this great work, the captains and leaders of this new civilization. While Europe is plunged into darkest misery and bitterest suffering, and men curse and women weep, while they behold the awful carnage and destruction all around them, we, in this happier land, have offered ourselves for humanity, hold out to them the hope of a better order of things, when reason and forbearance, calm and just counsel, shall supercede the bitter and cruel law of sword and gun and bayonet.

The civilized world gasped in astonishment when, at the end of July, 1914, the first rumblings of this tremendous conflict were heard in the world capitals. Men could not believe that

in this, the twentieth century of Christian civilization, the enlightened peoples and governments of Europe could deliberately wage war against each other on account of an obscure and apparently unimportant event that had transpired.

From the countries now at war have come most of the greatest artists, authors, musicians, surgeons, inventors, scientists, scholars, architects, bankers, and business men of this and past ages. Nations that have won fame from the efforts of these men would naturally be looked to, to preserve and not to destroy. One round of shots from a battery of the modern great guns would wipe out a cathedral that took centuries to build; the flame kindled from one fire bolt would destroy priceless gems in an art gallery which for years have been the pride of the world; a stroke from the butt of a rifle would mutilate the finest statue which the greatest sculpture ever chisled with infinite care and skill. Men drunk with the lust of battle are inonclasts; they destroy that which they cannot create. In years to come they will be imbued with the deepest regret, that in the heat of the fray, when men are apt to act before they think, they aided in wiping out many pages in the history of civilization.

After the dreadful experience of this war, nations should be compelled to invoke the in-

strumentality of the world court or a similar agency of peaceful settlement. Governments should never again be empowered to make war (as it were over night). Practically disarmament of huge military and naval forces will eventually follow as a result of the present war.

The common people will never again permit their rulers to plunge them into wars solely for their own ambitious designs. The Supreme Court of the World will enforce its decrees by an international police force.

We can all see then how small and pitiful will be the puny ambitions of individual rulers when the world is organized on the basis here outlined. Every nation will see that it is to their own interest to join, first, an international peace league; secondly, to establish an international court of law and obey its mandates, and thirdly, to enforce obedience, if necessary, by the military power of the court.

But we may look further into the future and foresee a time when force will no longer be needed in international affairs. Forty-eight states in our Union are an illustration of this. The decrees of the Supreme Court of the United States in litigation between different states do not need force to secure their finality. The highest law of the land is supreme, but the forces back of it are always in abey-

ance. All the nations of Europe and other continents will in time be accustomed to the American way of adjusting legal difficulties between states and they will wonder why they delayed so long in adopting so simple an expedient to avoid war.

I do not expect that in the immediate future the millennium will dawn upon earth, when as the prophet has said: "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them." For human nature is very imperfect; and strong and powerful individuals, the same as nations, have to be restrained by the strong arm of the law from abusing and preying upon their weaker brethren. But the movement for the creation of a great International Court of Justice brings us a step nearer to that sublime idea of the inspired writer, "when men shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks," and they shall hear no more of war upon the surface of this fair earth. In that day, man shall indeed rejoice, reaping the fruits of his labor in peace, happiness and prosperity, and this world of ours shall become one vast garden spot of humanity, while countless millions of God's happy children shall repeat forever the angelic song: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

This armed contest would never have oc-

curred if the question had been left to a vote of the people through their elected representatives; therefore, I say, let the voice of the people prevail hereafter in matters that concern the peace of a nation and they will become educated to their responsibilities, and life and property will become safer all over the world.

I firmly believe in the ability of our president to carry us creditably and satisfactorily through the present crisis. I ask you all to stand by the president in this matter and to rally around the flag, and God being with us, we shall have nothing to fear in this land of plenty.

It is with great pleasure that I have written the preface to this book. Miss Frooms with a desire to send her message out to the people commanded my enthusiasm to express my opinions. Her ambition to succeed deserves the commendation of her friends, and I hope that her efforts at her first book will be appreciated by every reader. I thank her for this opportunity and I hope that her efforts will serve to encourage and establish permanent peace after the recognition of the great democratic principle, so dear to the American heart.

HENRY CLEWS.

Heidelberg, Jan. 1, 1913.

Dear Kitty:

I am spending Christmastide in Germany where the Yuletide festival originated. Surely I am to be envied! My good father and mother were both, as you know, of German birth, and although I am thoroughly American, having been born in Massachusetts and educated at Harvard, I have always longed to visit the dear Fatherland of my ancestors. How justly proud are the people of Germany of their native land! My father used to say to me when I was a boy, "Remember my son that although Rome conquered the world, Germany conquered Rome."

As I grew up and read books, I realized more and more the truth of my father's declaration. Sure, only Germany could have conquered Rome. As an American, proud of America's place in history, I am still forced to recognize Germany as the leading country of the world; the country whose brow has ever been crowned with the newest and best thoughts of humanity. Do you know that it was a German, named by the Romans, Arminius, and called the greatest hero, not only

of Germany, but of all those who speak the English language?

Do you know that just as in the days of Christ, all the learning of the world was Greek, so today, all the learning of the world is German? And here I am, spending this blessed season in Germany, itself, and more than that a student of classic old Heidelberg University. It is well that I have over my mantelpiece the stars and stripes, or I might lose my patriotism for those United States of America. Suffice it to say that I am in love with Germany, Germans, and all things Teutonic.

In my next I will tell you of a wonderful trip I had yesterday on the Rhine from Mannheim to Cologne.

Please do not be angry at my apparent lack of patriotism for my native land, but really it is hard to be enthusiastically patriotic over such a huge melting pot; such a wilderness of confused nationalities. In reading this letter apply the exhortation of St. Paul to the Phillipians, "Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

Twelve letters a year were promised, so I am looking forward to one very soon.

Your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM.

New York City, Jan. 25, 1913.

Dear William:

You must always remember that colors of one shade will blend, but a variety of colors is bound to clash until a new combined shade is adopted. So with countries.

You like Germany. I am glad you do as it will make your stay and studies more pleasant. Don't forget, however, that our melting pot is the home of all the oppressed lands. When Russia tortured her people to the extent that her citizens fled in rage, our doors were open to the stricken and wretched people of the East. When people in Germany were not pleased, our lands seemed to be their last resort. We have a large population of Germans. If the conditions there are as you say, perfect accord, true harmony, the highest of civilization, then why in the world do people leave that country and come here? True, as you say, Rome conquered the world and the Germans conquered Rome. Whether such an act is that of civilization, remains to be proven by every other civilized country in the world. You should not put Germany on the highest plane, as

you have thoughtlessly compared only the two countries. If you are partial in your choice I can easily account for it.

The parental instincts developed within you are manifested by your choice in taking a post graduate course at Heidelberg. There is a clinging of one to the land of one's birth. You are a born American but the inner call, probably your early influence was unjustly directed along the lines of your ancestors, which inevitably predominates over your allegiance to your country.

If such were not the truth, why then did you not choose to further your studies at an American institution or Oxford College at Cambridge, England, or with the splendid knowledge of French you command, why did you not choose the University of Paris? There certainly was a stronger German sway over you than you imagined. I hope you will not sacrifice your patriotism and remain there.

To make friends is a wonderful asset, and by all means learn to love the German people and learn to understand them. Friends have a great influence over us. A group of friends well chosen, thoroughly trusted and firmly held can bestow upon a young person's life, benefits inestimable. The touch and rub of life upon life, in the intimacy of a fine friendship, serves to bring man and woman to a higher level of efficiency. It requires thought and care to develop a worthy

friendship—it will not grow of itself like a weed—it is an orchid, rare, delicate, expensive. And friends, the right kind of friends bring out the good, the spiritual in people and I am sure that as soon as man can reach the stage where there is a mutual understanding, a feeling of confidence will prevail.

If we were not two friends who trust each other to the utmost, I am sure that you would not confess that had you not the Stars and Stripes in front of you, your loyalty would waiver. My dear boy, you must remember one thing. It is that spirit which you, I, and every one like us must have so as to elevate our principles gradually, and not condemn hastily. It is up to you, up to me, up to every citizen of the United States, regardless of his or her racial ancestry, to rally round our dear little flag and encourage it and when we become as old a country as Germany, we shall be rounded out in every direction. Although we are the youngest country, I feel certain that you won't for a minute hesitate to agree that we are one of the leaders in civilization.

I shall be glad to be posted and to get an insight into Germany. What are their principles of morality, industry, politics, and how do the people look upon America?

Your sincere friend,

KITTY.

February 15, 1913.

Dear Kitty:

Your very welcome letter from New York received. The only fault was its brevity. I have so much to tell you that this letter may be rather prolix, but not, I hope, tiresome. Letters, like books should, in the words of Sir Francis Bacon, "be as grains of salt, which will give an appetite rather than offend with satiety." However, it is best to write as one speaks, naturally and kindly, which is always my purpose.

I plead guilty to the charge of preferring another country to my own, but remember I am not the first offender in this regard. I share my guilt with Tacitus of ancient Rome, who considered the morals and manners of the Germans superior to those of his own countrymen. In a measure I am *particeps criminis* with Gibbon, the English historian, who said: "The most civilized nations of modern Europe issued from the woods of Germany; and in the rude institutions of those barbarians we may still distinguish the original principles of our present laws and manners." Do not forget, my little friend that America, Eng-

land, and even France are descended not from Egypt, Greece or Rome, but from the tribes who "issued from the woods of Germany." Yes, I am a Germanophile, and if this be treason, make the most of it.

But I must not forget my trip on the Rhine, of which I promised in my last letter to tell you. Manheim is a river town, twenty miles from Heidelberg. Here we took passage at seven in the morning on a splendid modern steamboat and sailed for twelve hours on the historic and beautiful Rhine, arriving at Cologne just as the clock in the Cathedral announced the seventh hour after noon. Comparisons, they say, are odious, but sometimes they are also necessary and instructive. I thought of the trip you and I took with our dear parents on the Hudson River from New York to Albany, and of how poorly it compared with the ride from Manheim to Cologne.

Here is another illustration of truth conflicting with patriotism, and Germany wins again.

There was one amusing incident of my Rhine trip of which you must be told; you who are so overfond of America and the English. I was introduced on the boat to an Englishwoman, Lady Muriel Buxton, who was seeing Germany with the same air as the average person views a zoological garden. As we passed a particularly lovely castle, I remarked to her ladyship: "Is this

not a most beautiful river excursion?" Lady Buxton adjusted her lorgnette, and answered, "Yes, it is all right, but there are too many foreigners on the boat!" "Foreigners?" I inquired, "do you mean English or Americans?" "Of course not," she replied icily, "I mean Germans!"

Think of a brand of patriotism which prompts one to describe Germans in Germany as "foreigners!"

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with one of these foreigners, Professor Ernest von Reinicke of the Gottingen University. I was introduced to him about five minutes after listening to Lady Buxton's very British nonsense. It appears that Herr von Reinicke had heard what Lady Buxton thought of our boat trip for he quietly said, "Some day the English will respect Germany. Perhaps they do already. Respect is sometimes shown even in the phrasing of an insult. It was an English statesman, Lord Palmerston, who pointed to my country's greatness by calling it a "land of damned professors."

It is our aim in Germany to estimate things at their real value, and therefore we put learning ahead of all acquisitions. Germans know the real value of professional teaching and show their appreciation by paying individual professors salaries as high as \$50,000 a year. Only a prize fighter or a jockey could earn that salary in England or America.

It seemed that my comrade laid special emphasis on the fact that Germany was most proficient in military affairs. You know that I am a pacifist and I am not at all pleased with the military preparedness of this country. Although conditions are peaceful, men in a military uniform are most respected.

Well, this letter is long enough. Write to me often. Tell me all the news.

Affectionately,

WILLIAM.

March 15, 1913.

Dear William:

After a lovely stay at Washington, D. C., to see Woodrow Wilson inaugurated as the President of the United States, this letter goes to you with a proud feeling of Americanism. What a fine man he is! In this country ambition pays. A man must work diligently to develop his brain so that his superior mind may be recognized by the people. After years of toil and concentration, the one time Princeton College President, the recent New Jersey Governor, the man of principles so high, was elected by the people. He is to be honored, revered, respected to the highest degree, insomuch as his efforts were crowned with the glory of success by popular selection.

In an autocratic government, such as Germany,

there is one head and that is the Kaiser. He rules the people. From a standpoint of civilization, don't you think that individualism is an essential element for the furtherance of democracy? The question as to which makes the better government enters right here. Of course where the people are the figure heads and at the call and command of a superior, there is bound to be apparent satisfaction. In our country we have the freedom of speech and each by his own experience serves as an educator to enlighten, discipline, direct the affairs of the government. Our President must serve the people and he will do his best to make himself worthy of his position. The Kaiser has the people as his slaves and he exerts no special gratification.

His position is of birth-right and he is one of those who acquired greatness thrust upon him. It substantiates my argument of the unknown powers. We are all singled out by the hand of destiny for some end, which for all we know, is the total of our life; the sum of all the happenings of all our years. Did you ever ask yourself why one life ends in dishonor, another in disgrace; one by sickness and another by accident? How can we fully account for the changes in appearances and in characters? We imagine that "the tree will grow as it is bent." It is impossible to predict the future of a child, when the so-called "black sheep," the lazy boy who does ab-

solutely nothing but waste time, drinks liquor, smokes in his boyhood, and does everything to make him an outcast, who finally becomes an honest man of noted ability and a respected citizen. Why does the studious and refined child grow up to manhood in the same way, then suddenly startle the world by committing a crime so great that Fate leads him to prison or the electric chair? Of course destiny is the great secret. It might be a combination of environment, character, physical and mental natures. But no one knows.

I am glad you took the humane attitude in discussing military affairs with that German Professor. It is my firm belief that the United States leads in the peace movement, so as to prevent war. Numbers of people from all over the world are our citizens. Think of what war would mean to the United States: We have the English, French, Spanish, German, Italian, Danish, Swedish, Russian, Chinese, Japanese, Mexican, Canadian, African—yes, we have every country represented right here in our little country. Because we have the brothers and sisters from every country, we want peace. If properly taught to regard the whole world as one home, one family, one interest at heart, we could not fight any country, as we would respect the relatives of the very people whom we are shielding from oppression. A conflict with any foreign power would

be as terrible as our own Civil War. Undoubtedly our citizens of other ancestry would fight, but, what a sad fight it would be! Therefore the United States should lead in the Peace Movement. We must never have war again, since our French-Americans do not want to fight their brothers and sisters, our German-Americans do not want to fight their brothers and sisters, our Irish-Americans do not want to fight their brothers and sisters and so all along the line with every nationality. We must admit that most every American is descended from a foreign element and years and years have not changed the situation any. Outside of the Indian there are none who can claim Americanism only.

Both England and America have settled more controversies by arbitration than any other countries. England and America share 126 cases of arbitration out of 177 and with a single exception have brought to a conciliatory conclusion the many differences arising between them. A few years after the conclusion of the American War of Independence as early as 1794, the Convention known as Jay's Treaty marked the beginning of the modern era of arbitration; the first to fix the boundary between the United States and Canada, second, to compensate the British subjects who remained loyal, and third, to identify America's shipping interests.

In casually speaking of civilization, we in-

stinctively look to the United States and England, but undoubtedly almost every country can be looked to for some ideas which distinguish it as one of the leaders of our present civilization.

But you haven't told me why Germany is preparing her military forces? I cannot for one minute imagine that that great country is doing something with no ulterior motives. Perhaps they believe in my statement. "To have an army and not need it is better than to need it and not have it."

Do write me all about Germany.

Your little friend,

KITTY.

April 12, 1913.

My Dear Friend:

Your last letter was very interesting and found me in good health and spirits. However, every now and then I am homesick for America.

You inquired as to the women in Germany, and in this regard I must admit disappointment.

There is no word in the German language for gentlemen, and that explains the Teutonic idea of male superiority.

How can one expect a successful feminist movement in a land where women are harnessed with dogs, dragging carts; where the fields are tilled by bare-legged girls and women; and where

fifty per cent of the hod-carriers and street cleaners are of the feminine gender?

With all his "kultur" and efficiency, "Hans bleibt immer Hans," which freely interpreted, means, that in manners a German is always a lout. The lack of social refinement is due to the fact that the people of Germany have only recently escaped from barbarism, and that they have yet to acquire the polish of civilization.

A well dressed man or woman is a curiosity even in Berlin. Moreover Germany is unfortunately a military despotism, with its chief officer an impossibly vain and autocratic Emperor. The Kaiser's ill-concealed dislike and contempt for his English mother, which is an historical fact, might be a fair sample of the average German's estimate of the dignity of womanhood.

As you know, I am opposed to political women and have no sympathy with your suffrage fad, but the German treatment of women fills me with disgust. It is one thing to consider women as unfitted by physical organization and temperament for active participation in politics, which is my view, and to treat them as an inferior branch of the human race, which is the German idea.

I am thoroughly convinced that Germany has the most intelligent, hardest working, most efficiently economical and contented population of any of the great nations, but it is wrong in its national attitude towards women.

You must think that admiring the German people and enjoying Germany as I do, that I consider Germans as perfect humans. I am learning that quite the contrary is true. I object to a number of Teutonic characteristics. Their contemptuous treatment of womanhood grows out of a national worship of mightiness. No where else can you find both men and women so oblivious of consideration for those humans who unfortunately are weak.

I object also to the vanity of the German male. This is evidenced by the fact that only men are manicured in Germany.

Perhaps the worst feature about Germany is its soldierism, of which I shall tell you in a future letter, but I am daily irritated by the tyrannical vanity of the German male, and his belittlement of women.

I prefer the prevailing British valuation and attitude on the female question. Germany and America stand at two unnecessary and unwise extremes. In our own America, woman is painted and gilded upon an impossible pedestal which makes both her, and those who view her, dizzy and foolish. In Yankeeland we do not place enough stress on the fact that all through nature there are two sexes, one completing the other. We do not realize the importance of sex. All feminist movements impress me as an attempt to create a neuter gender in humanity. I have in

mind a noisy, manishly-togged "lady lawyer" in Boston, who has almost succeeded in becoming neuter. She wears a tailor-made costume which must be looked at twice for one to feel sure that it does not consist of coat, waistcoat and trousers; her hat is undeniably masculine, and she covers what brains she has with short-cropped hair. More, I have even heard her say, "Damn," when arguing in favor of equal suffrage. The woman suffrage movement is increasing the number of such freaks every hour. Turning out near-neuters!

I object to woman's suffrage for the same reasons that I am quoting below, which you will recall were stated in a New York paper.

Because more than half the women of this State do not want the vote. They do not want political power in conflict with men. To impose the vote would be a gross injustice to the majority.

Because the adoption of woman suffrage will add nearly three millions to the electorate of New York and the addition of so many voters, unused to judge of those problems on which they must vote, will produce inefficiency in government.

Because woman suffrage where adopted has neither improved government, purified politics, nor given better protection to women and children.

Because the State of New York does not want

women politicians and agitators any more than it wants the militant feminist or picket.

Because the world war has shown that a Democracy must be strong to be safe. Many suffrage leaders are pacifists. Every element now working to weaken our government, Pacifist, Socialist, Feminist, favors woman suffrage. Woman suffrage will weaken the government.

Popular indifference is responsible for the adoption of woman suffrage. Except in Utah, it has never been carried by a majority of the electors; always by a minority, because many voters failed to vote. Suffragists hope than in this hour of trial, when patriotic men and women are concerned with the war, the men of New York will neglect to vote and woman's suffrage will win by default.

My ideal of a woman is a real feminine girlie, like yourself, my dear. I loathe masculine femininity, and effeminate masculinity.

Let us adopt the golden mean, and avoid both the German and American conception of woman, and her place in the world.

By the way, I would like to see you. Tonight, I feel rather alone and neglected. If it were not for my work, I would take a flying trip over to the land of Uncle Sam.

Write often, and do not be so dreadfully formal.

Fondly,

BILL.

May 1, 1913.

Dear Bill:

I can't understand your inconsistent attitude. You wrote me previously that you loved the German land, the people and everything Germanic. Evidently, you, too, admired the male end of it! With such conditions prevailing in Germany, it seems to me that you, who have such a high regard for woman would subconsciously become a convert to the suffrage cause. I agree with you in regard to the women who, like monkeys, try to impersonate men. They are so few, fortunately, that we cannot, intelligently condemn the whole sex. Those in the suffrage movement today are different from those who started the party. The very women who are lanky, worn, old-maidish looking, with the two curls on either side of the face belong to the anti-suffrage party. Truly, the modern woman is the really effeminate woman, the woman with brain, and heart. Recent reforms have made woman more womanly.

Woman wants the ballot because she wants the government to know her needs. This is not

unwomanly, since her sex does not alter her living conditions. Man is too busy with his own affairs in business and has not the time to devote to the household necessities. The home is woman's place, and I feel that it is woman who should have the ballot and decide what is best for the home. Most good mothers are suffragists.

Now, Billy, don't you think man is unfair in trying to flatter women in telling them that they are thought of as being on a superior plane? I have no patience with people who can't look at conditions squarely and do things accordingly. Perhaps woman should be petted, loved, and given every care and comfort in the world, but does she get it? No, conditions today are what they never have been. In the past, woman had her home work, her baking, darning, spinning, teaching the many children of her family, and helped her husband on the farm. Today, when civilization stepped in, it substituted machines and other devices to take the place of her hand labor. Woman had nothing left for her to do, so she followed progress. She sought education and after a propaganda to prove that the higher education for woman would not unsex her, she won her struggle. Every man owes what brain matter he has to "some" woman. Teachers, librarians, musicians, writers, actresses, speakers, artists—in fact every branch of labor has woman taking active parts and thereby an influence.

We must consider conditions, not as we want them to be, but as they actually are. As they are, women are employed in factories (I am sure no man recognizes her as superior) women are working in canneries, prisons, mines, fields, everywhere and in every branch of service. These women must be protected by law. They are working equally with men and should have the same rights. If they break a contract, they are called upon to pay, and if the law steps in, a judgment against a woman is just as effective. When she commits murder, the electric chair or prison is not denied her because she is a woman. Her punishment is no different than man's.

Just why man with the big American heart, will not give woman the ballot, I can't understand. It seems to me that men are afraid women will unearth all the evils that men in politics have tried to conceal.

There should be no objection to woman's suffrage today. Men and women work together at the same occupations, they must both pay taxes, but the men are represented and the women are not. They must both obey the laws and live according while no partiality is shown the women.

Woman has become a social and economic power, a commercial and political power, a power that is gathering strength day by day, a power that is bound to lift woman to the equal plane

of man, in every line of endeavor and every walk of life.

Why, my dear friend, take myself for an example. I was educated at co-educational schools, the boys and girls passed the same examinations, were given the same diplomas (and really no importance was attached to the fact that more than half of the class were women and the most scholarly at that) we went out of the school together, into the same colleges, took the same courses had the same goal in life as to ambition and into the world we went.

I took up the study of law and my ambition in life is to become a supreme court judge. Now the fatal moment arrives. I am ready to proceed with my career, you may go on as you have the ballot, but I, who chose to follow the line of politics, am denied that privilege. Why? Men are afraid that women will take their political positions from them! If a woman is better fitted for the office than the man, no sensible person would put a barrier in her way and say, "Because you are a woman, we want you to take care of your home and babies." Most women who are best fitted as mothers and housewives, choose that career, and most men who are best fitted as husbands and fathers, do not allow themselves to neglect that important mission.

All men do not desire public office and a great many who would be the best to occupy such

seats would, under no consideration accept, the same with woman. If she feels that she is not capable to hold office and has no inclination towards it, you would not and could not force it upon her. She would be more reluctant than a man to accept a nomination, unless she felt that she could render a valuable service to the world.

Be a sensible man, Billy, and live up to your intelligence. It is only tradition that is keeping the vote away from women. Civilized nations are not based upon tradition, but principle. Woman must have the vote for protection so as to be recognized as a law-maker, as well as one who obeys the laws about which she had nothing to say.

If the country is a democracy, made by the people, of the people and for the people, we must live up to our ideal and grant the ballot to women because women are people, even though the constitution does not recognize them as such. Men do not represent women in voting, because if they did, who would be representing the men? There is only one ballot and to have a fair and impartial decision as to the law-making of the country, man and woman, who are the constituents of the country, must each have a vote.

Why do we have a United States? Government is for the people to live in harmony and unity. Starting with the small home, mother and father are the heads. We must do away with the

old common law, that man becomes possessor of the woman and her property and that there is one head to the family, and that that head is the man. Today we recognize woman and man, husband and wife to be the heads of the home. All the small homes comprise a city, all the cities serve to make a state, all the states are the United States. Since the United States are one, and a home on a large scale, why aren't women as well as men at the head to take the place as mother of the country? Woman's work is needed, and to make a perfect government, one sex should not be political slaves.

I know just what you will say Bill, in reading my thoughts on woman's suffrage, but I am firmly convinced, that unless woman has the opportunity to become a law-maker, this country is just as bad as Germany, excepting that our foreigners are not conscious of the fact that women are not treated justly, politically. Let me ask you, let me ask every man and woman, upon what conceivable grounds of justice will you grant the ballot to the ex-convict, to the ignorant foreigner, to the negro, to every unworthy American male, and refuse it to the women who are descended from the Mayflower, the women who are the educators of the country, the mothers?

Oh dear, we are a civilized lot of people and yet when it comes down to the very essence of

the test, we fail. Why can't we trust the women with our ballot? I am sure that they can not make more misuse of the ballot than the men have made. It is not a question of whether women will improve conditions of the franchise, it is a matter of justice—justice.

Why can't man trust the ballot to woman? When a man marries a woman he trusts his stomach to her cooking, he places his joy and happiness at her command, he hazards his very existence to his wife. If he denies her the ballot he certainly must think more of the ballot than he does of himself. And so, man trusts his wife with the mental, moral, physical, and spiritual development of his children. She can be trusted with life and should not be denied the privilege of having a voice as to the best development of life. The home would not be broken up, but the conditions would be more wholesome and the world would be a safer place for their children to live.

I, too, would be delighted to see you and have a real *tete a tete*. You must be terribly lonesome, but many times, thoughts of one are far more desirable than actual presence and reality. Moreover, I'm afraid we would scrap. Pretty soon the warm weather will be coming on, and where will you pass your time? I'll try not be formal as you have so many times requested, but you

know just how I feel and yet, as much as I try to be different, I can not change my attitude.

With every best thought for you, I am.

Most sincerely,

KITTY.

June 14, 1913.

Dear Kitty:

My studies are about over for the year and now I will have an opportunity to get acquainted with beautiful Germany. We have here a confederation including the four kingdoms of Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Wurtemberg, together with six Grand Duchies, seven Principalities, three free Cities and one Imperial Province.

Prussia is the largest and most populous of German states. The German Empire is a little larger than France, but it is much more densely populated. Saxony is the most densely populated country in the world. North Germany and all east Germany occupy a portion of the great plain of Europe. South of this plain is the Central Plateau, which, in the western half of the Empire extends to the Alps. It is the part of the same worn-down mountain region that borders the plain in France, and extends eastward through Austria. Rivers have cut

deep valleys in this plateau, and low mountain ranges rise above it.

In Germany, eight millions of the population are engaged in tilling the soil. Manufacturing, wool-growing and mining are also leading pursuits.

The Germans are thrifty, ingenious and intelligent. We are indebted to them for many great inventions, and for scholarly works and the ancient languages, and chemistry and philosophy. They are noted for their love of music and some of the greatest composers have been Germans.

The nation owes her high rank and her influence among nations to her public schools and her army. Every child must go to school and every man must serve in the army. This system was adopted many years ago, and today the German public schools and universities are famous, and the army of the empire is one of the best in the world.

Somehow, I cannot understand why there is constant secrecy in Germany's official circles. They are preparing munitions and appliances of war and I do not see any reason for their labor in that direction. The children here play with tin soldiers and use all kinds of toys that suggest a military mind. They are taught to stand by Germany, whether right or wrong.

That is the only thing I do not care about and somehow, it is very repulsive to me. You know, my dear girl, I feel that "underhanded" people are possessors of that quality. What is this war preparation for? I do not want to think that Germany will some day be a disappointment to me.

What if we should quarrel? A discussion of personal differences affords a better understanding. "He never makes a friend who never makes a foe." "Nicht war?"

Do write me soon, as I enjoy a word from you.

Admiringly yours,

BILLY.

Newport, R. I., July 3, 1913.

My Dear William:

Fortunately, your heart is with me. That gives me some assurance that you will return to the United States. If Germany is as efficient as you say, surely, by this time, your affections might have slipped over to "her."

Now that beautiful summer is here with her joyful activities, I hope you will indulge to your heart's content, as the season is so short and before realization comes, the sturdy bleak cold winter, full of hard studying is at your heels.

Try to be with mother nature as much as

you can. That great mother is inspiring to all of us regardless of nationality, that great mother of all, who is as beautiful to the rich as to the poor, who comforts the troubled spirits and the sick bodies, who is a medium of repose and joy to the pessimistic, who is such a delightful retreat, even to the happiest.

It is now so intolerably warm that I find it difficult to concentrate my mind upon letter writing, but I know that you are happiest when you hear from me, so feel duty bound to respond to your call. Yes, I would like to be with you, if only to have a chat and exchange our opinions of things in Germany. I really envy that country because your thoughts seem to be concentrated there. You like the very atmosphere and with your studies, you are improving the mind as well as the body.

Newport is one of our best summer resorts, and I know you would prefer this beach to any you have in Germany. We spent many delightful weeks at the home of your aunt and I will never forget the bathing, driving, horse-back riding, tennis—all the sports I love so well, and at times I feel perfected enough for a challenge, when you return.

At present. I am seated on the swing, trying to write—I have just finished reading a book in which the writings are possessed of a rare charm and beauty, suffused with a soft

glow of imagination. I love that style of literature, because the tales exhibit a considerable degree of spontaneity, naturalness of fancy, and with all—that high moral tone which is a marked characteristic of the author. How engaging and fascinating they are, even more so than my school lessons.

Now as the sun is setting, and a crimson lining is manifest, a thought which you wrote me regarding civilization comes to me. Why do you use so relative a term? There is no civilization. We won't have any until the mysteries of life shall be unveiled. People must learn a universal morality, the morality of the great as well as the small, the morality of humanity which should unite instead of separate mankind, the morality which should protect the weak and not sacrifice, the morality which should inspire instead of discourage. What kind of civilization is there when the metal, shining or dull, marks the person as to grade and importance? Poor people are classed with the low people, and the money-class are those whose opinions are accepted. I am a cheerful optimist.

I know unenviable conditions are existing. People must work for existence. There is no civilization that will disclose the secret of getting things done according to the real "simple life."

Just as we know the moon, the stars, the comets and the heavens in general, so we are acquainted with the term, "civilization"—only by name, news from the heart.

I could enumerate many instances of the wrong use of the word civilization. We are blinded by our own optimism; we believe that we are the leading country, that we are the best educated, the most cultured, our world is the best world and the human family the greatest of all the animals. Yet we must know that civilization as well as culture, is a comparative term. We can readily understand why a blind man would regard sight a necessary factor for civilization, or why a deaf man would regard hearing as one of the supreme requirements. But when we have sight and hearing we do not consider them the only essentials for civilization, or as even one essential. I do not believe that any one can give a perfect picture of the perfect civilization. But there are certainly some landmarks, some far-off pillars against the sky, which we must reach before we can come within the influence of the perfect civilization.

So each person who has a normal quality lacking, is bound to insist that this quality is extremely necessary for the perfect life. Taking it all in all, we have no living person who can decide or dare decide whether all the char-

acteristics necessary for this perfect civilization exists. Opinions differ. The majority is not always right and the individual has no authority to give a verdict.

After the extreme of evil, for example, we have not yet reached the point where war shall end with the victory for the side which had the opportunity to send the first bullet, with strength enough to immediately deaden the opposing side; we have not yet come to the point where thought communication shall take the place of words. We must first reach and be masters of every conceivable circumstance and then consider the question of civilization.

The further into civilization we get, the further away from nature we are bound to find ourselves. Civilization knows no aesthetic sense—feelings of the heart—it overlooks efforts of intelligence and invention.

When one mother can feel for other children, with the same emotions as those born of her body and pain and endurance; and when children shall have the same confidence in all mothers as in their own; when the single love of one heart is distributed to all hearts; when good health is for every one and medicine entirely eliminated; when women shall control the birth of their issue without condemnation; when the negro can be loved as well as the

white man; when intermarriage of the white with the yellow races will not make us shudder; when Jesus Christ shall be thought of as simply a man of great ability and not of Godly power; when all ministers and priests shall preach and practice in a new way, and we shall have no more forlorn and fearful sermons which have passed through the ages of tradition; when there are no more murders, no sinking of men at sea or killing of men on land; when prisons and electric chairs are discarded—then, when the love in each heart is unselfish—CIVILIZATION WILL EXIST!

Perfect civilization has never existed. What we call by that name today will to some future age be as the life of the Hottentot is to us. To ourselves we are not barbaric, but to the course of future ages we are.

There is no steadiness in our judgments. What we consider today is morally right, was yesterday, in another age, a hideous crime or sin. And things which are wrong and unwise to us, were in that day, perfectly right and proper. In different parts of the world today there are different manners and customs and each separate country thinks their manners and customs are the most progressive and the best.

In Turkey a man may have several wives, with the approval of the divine and earthly law,

as it is interpreted in that country. But to have more than one wife in other countries is a crime against heaven and man. In France the custom of drinking wine at all meals as we do water, seems an act of extravagance to us. In Arabia, women are compelled to wear veils below the eyes as a mark of self respect. We do not follow that custom, in fact, we scorn it. The women of Africa wear rings in their noses—they regard it as a mark of distinction among the wealthy. We would hardly think that. What we believe is morally right, other countries think morally wrong. Where the Sultan has as many wives as he can possibly support and gives each a good home, he regards it as wrong for our people to criticise him—when as a matter of fact, some men in our country take one wife and can't support her, or, have one wife and continue relations with many other women. Who is there to judge? One class of people say they are right and another maintain *they* are. The majority rule is not always right.

Even our faith changes with the times. The Bible is interpreted in quite a different way now than it was, even in our fathers' time. Before Christianity there was Paganism, and before that the worship of the sun. Each faith endured thousands of years and was, or is followed by millions of people. There was a time when he, whom we call the "business man" was an outcast

and a pariah. The banker was the despised money changer and any merchant had to sit below the salt, if he was lucky to sit anywhere at my Lord's board.

Equality is the key-note to civilization and when all people have opportunity to live under the three great laws of life, self-preservation, development and harmony, courts of law will no longer be needed.

The mystery of life is the missing link to civilization. We are surrounded by mysteries but this is the greatest. People argue and stand appalled that we must meet the conditions of our own time—that we are not barbaric and that we are the most civilized people. Yes, to ourselves we are.

Take for example the little ant hill. My stick causes a rupture, the ants run hither and thither, not knowing what peculiar power hit their little world. On the side that is damaged the little ants know all about the accident, perhaps they think it is an earthquake. The ants on the other side of the hill know nothing about the catastrophe—perhaps the same pictures would apply to our own earth. We call the unknown, "planets," and the ants might in their own civilization call other ant hills something that we know nothing of. Perhaps when we have an earthquake or a catastrophe of some kind, it is a higher power that is watching the result of our lives, even as

we watch the broken ant hill. To us it is clear, to the ant world it is a great mystery.

Have you ever been up on a high building and looking down on the people in the street? Did they impress you as anything more than ants? Broadway at six in the evening, viewed from the 40th story of the Woolworth Building gives one a new view of life. Often have I stood and marveled at the sight of the tiny human forms running about below me, each an individual brain, but from that height, not one could be singled out. Men and women looked alike. Such great heights make one feel that there must be a power that looks down upon us, as we look down upon the ants. And as I, from the pinnacle of the building could distinguish nothing of the emotions of those who walked so far below me, so it must be to some higher power. Our greatest emotions and difficulties must leave him tranquil, for he knows the just end of man Maeterlinck wrote: "The greatest crimes and disturbances of men were to God, only as the playing of puppies on the hearth rug."

But as I look about me and see the sky, the clouds, and all the hidden wonders of nature, I can't help but think of the unimportance of any individual regardless of genius and individuality. We are acquainted with the circumference, the surface, in a superficial, vague manner. What do we really know about anything? Who is

there to judge whether anything is right or wrong? We are blinded and hypnotized by our own optimism; we believe that we are the leading race and have class distinction, but, my dear friend, we flatter ourselves. We can see only the white race, as the most refined, the best educated, superlatively cultured, and the leading set of people. We expect to dictate to the red race, the yellow, the black, the "gray"—we want every people to look up to us. We don't give a thought, or care what the actual opinions of another color or race are, of us.

Cheerfully, I accept the conditions, as I am one of the white race, and feel that I am one of the fortunate class.

Our world is temporary and our existence very materialistic. Those in every community who are anyway idealistic and allow their minds to drift away from tangible things, are called "crazy." Why such terms when no innermost thoughts are explainable?

Perhaps we are after all, the missing links, and are so acknowledged by a higher power. The monkey looks down, man looks straight ahead and perhaps those of the future will look up and the highest power looks back. Why the Darwinian theory is so widely accepted raises a question to many minds. Would not the existence of a civilization open the door to truth?

In civilization fame plays no part unless uni-

versally known and even then it is temporary. Today a man may be famous in his own little field, yet it amounts to but a drop of water in the great ocean of this earth's life, and is finally absorbed as other natural things. The president of a country is a local matter. Nobody but his immediate family and country are really concerned with his welfare. Men and women who mark their importance in the medical field are only known in a certain little group. Men and women who achieve success in any field, are only known to that particular field for a speck of time and soon after drop out and are forgotten. Ambition today is to gain the laurels of the day or the friendship or recognition of influential people so as to further financial ends. Ambition sometimes meets obstacles, but it is usually successful, as I firmly believe that anything desired earnestly enough is obtained. Civilization is a step beyond ambition and fame. It is the realization of accomplishment, not in the one man, but in the whole human race.

I know what are your thoughts of ambition. But right here, if I may say, I am striving to make a figure in a man's world. True, you condemn and laugh when you trace my career from early childhood and see me as a dumb mute, until five years of age, then you see me as a little leader in elementary schools; then as the class president of my graduating class at high school,

then as leader in the cause of woman's suffrage, then as a public lecturer, then as a winner of thousands of dollars worth of trophies, where the contestants were men and women of other prominent colleges, then you watched me at law school, at my settlement work, and even my prison work. You were trying to enlist the aid of members of my family to discourage me. You accused me of becoming masculine, and yet while I was preparing to unfold my arms to the business world, I was inclined to be "mannish" and now, after I have achieved the first step toward my life's ambition I am more effeminate than most girls you meet. As soon as I am old enough to pass my bar examination in the state of New York, I intend to follow a political career. My sex should be no bar to any undertaking I should choose to pursue. Yes, and I may yet be president of the United States. Women are getting there—slowly, but surely. Women in the United States shall vote before 1920. I feel it, therefore predict it.

And maybe, I might surprise dear old Billy and take his advice, be crowned with the laurels as a queen and grace his home. My ambition first, and there must be no drawback, no interference. After all, men have a tendency to make girls side-track what they start out to do.

With an ounce of affection,

KITTY.

August 2, 1913.

Dear Kitty:

Just tell me you care for me and I'll return to the States. You know that I love you and would be glad to give up anything in the world to win you. Of all the girls I have ever met, you are the only one who comes up to my ideals and I want you to know it.

Don't be angry with me because I speak of this country and appear unpatriotic to my own land. You know it is an American characteristic to knock our own and praise the other. Be patient with me.

You need the stronger arm to protect you, child, and I want to be that man, who will guide your footsteps to the channel of love, prosperity and happiness. Do consent to be my own sweet little girl, which will make me the happiest man on earth. I love you. I need you. I want you.

Oh, Kitty, if you could only feel for me as I do for you, you would—I know you would consent to marry me.

With a heart full of love for you, I am.

Devotedly,

BILLY.

September 4, 1913.

Dear Billy:

Think of me kindly and friendly, but please—oh please! Don't get silly.

I must not—I can not marry you nor anyone, at present, as I am more devoted to my career than I could ever be to a man. I must go on undisturbed, and must not allow selfish man's emotions to carry me away from my plan in life. I want to be your friend, but I do not want you to love me in that way. Write about your work and be sensible. I know that you love me and want me to marry you. You don't know how honored I feel, but Billy, I don't want to marry.

With every best wish.

Yours,

KITTY.

P. S.—Naughty boy, somehow we agreed to write about conditions but you are allowing a breach to enter and thus side-track our purpose.

K.

Heidelberg, Oct. 11, 1913.

Dear Little Friend:

Thus shall it be.

In an earlier letter to you, I quoted Gibbon as saying, "The most civilized nations of modern Europe issued from the woods of Germany," I want to add to that quotation my opinion that the Germans themselves, in many respects are still in the woods.

To understand the life of Germany and its culture, one must bear in mind that the Vaterland is not a brand new country; that its natives have not adjusted themselves to modern civilization; and that Germans, not only are suspicious of foreigners, but lack confidence in themselves.

Having been for centuries, men of the forests, the Germans herd together from habit, fearing to be alone. In a crowd, at a picnic or schutzenfest, the German is boisterously happy, but left alone, the wild beast of his imagination drives him to melancholy and suicide.

One reason for the existence of the German army is the national feeling of loneliness. The second reason is purely a matter of political geography.

Germany is about three-fourths the size of our state of Texas, and about four times the size of our state of New York. It is situated in the very heart of Europe, surrounded by Russia, Austria-Hungary, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and Denmark. Across the North Sea is its mighty competitor, England. So situated and confronted, Germany has escaped the destructive waves of feminism, which makes manly women and womanly men, and that is her benefit; but her circle of competitors and enemies has made her a victim of militarism, which some day may be her undoing.

I have inquired of many well-informed Germans as to the reasons for their country's devotion to things military and have been given many explanations, but the paramount reason seems to be the idea that the army is the nation's chief defense against invasion and destruction by jealous neighbors.

Personally, I abhor soldiers and soldiery! The soldier's uniform fills me with disgust and horror. Like begets like, and I am sure that Germany's military establishment furnishes the reason and excuse for the military establishment of her neighbors.

For me, a pacifist, Germany still remains the land of the Nibelungenlied, and of Grim's fairy tales, of giants and gnomes, stalks and turretted castles.

Since writing my last letter to you, I have been to Leipsic. This is the city which produced such extraordinary men as Liebnitz and Wagner and brought to itself Bach, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Coethe, Schiller and Gellert.

Unlike Berlin, Leipsic is not a town of the *nouveau riche*. There is nothing gaudy and tawdry about it; mingled with its homely intimacy is that air of elegance and good taste, almost French, found only among folk of breeding and refinement. August Sachs says, "There is no other great city in the land that more fully represents real Germanism in its universality."

Since the eighteenth century Leipsic has been the publishing center of Germany. There are about 1,000 book publishers and at the book exchange, nearly 12,000 booksellers are represented.

On the Augustus Platz is the 500-year-old university, which is one of the academic glories of the world.

As soon as I can spare the leisure time, I propose to visit the German City of Dreams. "Where is that?" I almost hear you ask, "Is it Dresden?" "Nurenborg?" No. It is Rothenberg, the enchanted!

From all of this, you see, I am thoroughly saturating myself with Germanism and run the risk of speaking Bostonese with a German accent in the days to come.

The days to come! Where shall I spend them and with whom? I must not forget that you are wedded to the single life; that you consider no living man desirable as a husband and that I have been warned not even to hope! Cruel judge and sentence! Perhaps I do hope, notwithstanding. Perhaps I have dreams that when you have failed in your "career," for which I pray, you will turn your heart and eyes in my direction. Perhaps I imagine that you are more feminine than you think yourself to be; and that when the awakening comes, you will see that your assumed masculinity is a weak rod on which to lean. Then you will turn to me for support and affection.

God grant for both our sakes it may be soon!

WILLIAM.

November 13, 1913.

Dear Billy:

Happiness consists of one's best thoughts. There are some people who seem to be happy in brooding. Most women are happiest in tears. We do not always understand, nor can we explain those things.

Some people enjoy contentment and happiness in the open fields, while others find happiness in a cave niche among the rocks, isolated and remote from all habitation—a morbid and

lifeless place—bulwarked about by indomitable rocks. Rain and storms beat through with no rays of the sun ever penetrating. The sea exploits its whims and rudeness by constantly dashing waves within.

Conscience might be battling between bitterness of action and faith in God—hence happiness. Some rejoice in sunrise—I do, in sunset.

I am wondering and longing to know whose arm does fate decree. Does nature really intend that woman should depend upon the strong arm? I feel that the relationship of man and woman should be of thorough understanding and marriage should be based upon love and mutual consideration. Women should not marry merely for that protection and physical guidance. Men marry for convenience and innermost comfort, but woman with heart and brain, wants a colleague, an adviser—and sometimes, but not often—a sympathizer for her womanly tears. Remember that woman is deprived of the joy of crying if no one is around to console her.

The more I think of absent friends, the more lonely I become.

Always,

KITTY.

December 9, 1913.

Dear Kitty:

If tears help, we should all shed them as the old year is drawing to a close.

The old year is about to go out and just when the atmosphere should be clear, there is a restlessness, a confusion among the Germans. War is their ultimate goal, as they have premeditated and deliberated how they would become the rulers of the world, how they would proceed to gain world dominion, how they would control the bodies and property of every race, every nation, every creed.

They speak of themselves as the German God, and say that other nations would not pursue them because they are revered, revered and worshipped for their spiritual superiority.

The German mission seems to be consecrated in the form! "Ye are the salt of the earth; Ye are the light of the world!" Why my dear Kitty, can you imagine them to feel that they are the center of God's plan of the world? It is the absolute belief of the Germans that the hidden meaning of God was that he made Israel

the fore-runner of the Messiah, and in the same way He has by His Hidden intent, designated the German people to be His successor. In a modern German school book we read that "Christ shall be a German Christ for us Germans, and that God has a special mission for Germany, as distinct from the rest of the world, in a virtue of which Germany cannot succumb and die, but must live and conquer."

The more exclusive Jesus is preached, the less does He help to form states; where Christianity attempted to come forward as a constructive force, that is, to form states and dominate civilization, there it was farthest away from the Gospel of Jesus. Now this means for our practical life, that we construct our house of the state, not with the cedars of Lebanon, but with the building stones from the Roman capitol. Hence we do not consult Jesus when we are concerned with things which belong to the domain or the construction of the state and of political economy. This sounds harsh and abrupt to every human being brought up a Christian, but appears to be sound Lutherism.

The attitude they assume is, "Lift up your heads! Look to the heights, bend your knees before Great Germany!"

Somehow I thought I liked Germany, but Germany can't be liked. It is not a democracy and the emperor professes to hold his crown by divine

right. The Prussian constitution exists only by the king's pleasure, and may be revoked by him whenever he sees fit.

I see the cause of a war and the one who is responsible for the beginning of the great flame. Germany's speakers and writers say, "Whoever uses force without any consideration and without sparing blood, has sooner or later the advantage, if the enemy does not proceed in the same way." One cannot introduce a principle of moderation into the philosophy of war without committing an absurdity. It is a vain and erroneous tendency to wish to neglect the element of brutality in war merely because we dislike it. It would be giving up ourselves to a chimera not to realize that war in the present will have to be conducted more recklessly, less scrupulously, more violently, more ruthlessly, than ever in the past. Distress, the deep misery of war must not be spared to the enemy state. The burden must be and must remain crushing. The necessity of imposing it, follows from the very idea of national war. That individuals may be severely affected when one makes an example of them, intended to serve as a detriment, is truly deplorable for them. But for the people as a whole this severity exercised against individuals is a salutary blessing. When national war has broken out, terrorism becomes a principle which is necessary from a military standpoint.

The whole nation of Germany is invigorated with war talk. The kaiser and chief of general staff said that war is inevitable. The evidence is abundant that Germany wishes world dominion.

War is evil, and, Kitty, you know my views on the subject. I am a pacifist at heart. I feel that every man is—but he will not admit it to himself, or has not the courage of his own convictions to pronounce his pacifism.

According to the statician, John Edward Oster, war lowers the eugenic standard of humanity, because the most virile and best men are sent to an untimely grave. War babies are a result of every war, but in this day and age they are more than ever, if not for the first time, an affront to morality, a crime against humanity, and an insult to motherhood. From the viewpoint of posterity, war babies are unfit to build a race upon, and from the eugenic standpoint they are still more unfit.

We are all descendants of war babies in a more or less direct or indirect manner, and as a result of this we are far inferior to the kind of people who would inhabit this planet if they had not been subjected to heavy continual losses of all those called to the front by conscription.

The races of men today would be larger in physique and stronger in body and mind if it were not for the fact that war has continually drained off the cream of human perfection. The

French government, for nearly two centuries, detailed figures of heights and also the physical of all those called to the front by conscription in its great and fierce wars, shows that there has been a great deterioration during the periods and immediately following those when many men were used up in great battles. From the figures of the number of men examined out of each annual contingent of men who had reached the military age, we find that the standard of men has been becoming lower and lower. These figures show the number of rejections and those who have certain infirmities to be greater than ever before per thousand. These figures prove that the average height of the men of France began notably to decrease with the coming of age in 1813, and from then on, of the young men born in the years of the Revolutionary wars (1792-1802), and that it continued to decrease with the coming of age of the youths born during the wars of the empire. Soon after the cessation of these terrible man-drained wars, for the maintenance of which a great part of the able-bodied male population of France had been withdrawn from their families and their duties toward the race—that of reproduction—a new type of boys began to appear. The boys who were born after that period had elapsed, had in them an inheritance of stature that carried them by the time of their coming of age, in the later 1830's and 1840's, to

a height one inch greater than that of the earlier generations born in war time. The average height of the annual conscription contingents born during the Napoleonic wars was about 1,625 mm., and of those born after these wars it was thirty mm. higher, or about 1,655 mm. The figures show this to be a positive fact.

On account of the standard size of conscripts this had considerable effect upon the army. This fluctuation in the height of the young men of France had as an obvious result a steady increase and then a decrease in the numbers of conscripts exempted in successive years from military service because of undersize. Immediately after the restoration, when the minimum height standard was raised and certain French departments were quite unable to complete the number of men they were supposed to have, as young soldiers of sufficient height and vigor, according to the proportion which furnished these men. The strong men had been killed in battle, and the fathers were necessarily shorter men, if the tall men were killed off before their time came.

Size and height were but a few of the shortcomings of these men who were raised up from the war situation. Running nearly parallel with the fluctuation in number of exemptions for undersize, is the fluctuation in numbers of exemptions from infirmities of various sorts. These

exemptions for infirmities and undersize increased by one-third in twenty years. Exemptions for undersize and infirmities nearly doubled in number in that time, but the lessening again of the figure of exemptions for infirmities was not so easily accomplished as was that of the figure for undersize.

The influence of the Napoleonic wars was so great and so strongly felt that it was apparent in everything connected with the welfare of the people, in fact the whole nation was put on the down grade. The recruiting stations of the country reveal the fact that the whole nation was set back much more than was otherwise known, for many of those great hurts to a people can not be readily distinguished. The general vigor of the people was impaired in a far greater manner than was the stature, which was greatly lessened. The importance of war, or in any other occupation for that matter, of vigor and capacity over size, has been well shown to us in late years by the Japanese.

The figures for Germany and for any other country which have ferocious wars, are practically the same, for the statistics all show decided deterioration in regard to physique, stature, strength and endurance.

The race deteriorating influence of the Napoleonic wars and the great wars is a subject so important that the whole time of this article

given to that subject alone, would not tell half the story, in regard to the influence exerted on the generations immediately following. On the basis of the Italian statistics of recruitment, Livi has attempted to show the absence of any disadvantage working of military selections, but even from his own statistics and from his own deductions, a wholly different state of affairs is shown than he intended to divulge. While he seems able to deny the results that might be expected in certain of the northern departments as compared with each other, his figures tell an entirely different story for North Italy taken as a whole. From his own figures for North Italy quantitative race deteriorating result is certain critical periods as plainly demonstratable. In Saxony there are plain figures that show an increase was necessary in military exemptions in the classes of certain years following by twenty-year periods of strenuous warfare. The same is also to be seen in Prussian statistics, but not in so pronounced a manner.

The evidence regarding the result of the short but severe Franco-Prussian war will be an exceedingly valuable but interesting affair. The birth rate is not only affected for a long time, and the mortality tables change, but there are increased numbers of exemptions from undersize, and in some places from infirmities. If the war had been of several years more duration there

would have been many more of the latter cases. In connection with this are also the rate deteriorating, results caused by variation in crops and their proper cultivation, industrial changes, emigration, general prosperity and many other things which do not seem to be of very much importance at first consideration, but when properly weighed in the balance by the conscientious investigator they mean and signify very much. Soldiers are of course not all killed in battle. There is another side to militaristic maneuvering which is almost as deadly as gun fire and that is the disease spreading tendencies of army life. Perhaps the greatest danger from war comes from the spread of disease. In these days of modern methods regarding ventilation, cleanliness, etc., there is not so much danger along these lines as was experienced years ago, but nevertheless there is still a great danger in the relation of war to human disease, and particularly of a special type of disease, whose results are, above all else, directly race deteriorating in effect. I do not mean to make it appear that the special danger of disease to men in military service has been overlooked by students of public hygiene or by the advocate of international peace. No particular stress seems to have been put, so far, and the immediate race degenerative influence of a special part of this disease. In times of war, disease has reaped as great a harvest of deaths and permanent bodily

break downs in the armies as the bullets and bayonets of actual battle. In such bloody affairs as Austerlitz and Wagram, Moscow, Lutzen, Magenta, Solferina, Waterloo, Gettysburg, and others. The twenty per cent of mortality by actual gun fire was increased by disease in the same campaigns to the appalling proportion of sixty and even seventy per cent.

The British losses in the Crimea in two and one-half years were three per cent by gunfire and over twenty per cent by disease. The figures of Napoleon's Russian campaign show an amount of deaths from actual gun fire with the enemy as being of little importance, but yet the entire army was practically lost.

An unreasonable amount of exposure to the hot sun in the trenches of the European war in the summers of 1914 and 1915 together with the damp and wet conditions of same, and the exposure to the intense cold of the winter work in the same places has made a large per cent of men engaged in that manner, rheumatics and invalids for life. The strength of most of those men after they have returned to their homes will be conspicuous by its absence. And this is the story of the scourge of humanity, war. Fortunately, there has been a steady decline in the relative figures of loss by disease, but a radical exception to this rule is the record of the Japanese armies in the Russo-Japanese war.

The United States has even lost more men proportionately in the last war, the Spanish-American war, among those who never got within sight of the enemy, than among those who had the opportunity of charging up San Juan Hill. And all these military losses by disease in times of war, are in proportion, it is needless to say, far in excess of the losses that occur at the same time in the civil population. Even in times of peace, despite the fact that soldiers are cared for under conditions that should make disease controlled than in the case of the bulk of the civil population, and despite the fact that the men in the military service have already passed an examination which puts them far above the average in health and bodily endurance, and which the selected test weeded out from among these men all individuals already tainted by obvious organic and constitutional diseases, it has not arrived until the years of the present decade to break the long-enduring rule of a higher mortality in times of peace in the military than in the civil population. The endurance of these selected men is great, and their physiques are of the very best found, but in spite of that the death rate is high in comparison to those who are not soldiers.

The first thing that strikes a person as peculiar is the high mortality of a soldier's life after examining the figures. Even in times of peace, despite the fact that soldiers are cared for under

conditions that should make disease more preventable and more easily controlled than in the case of the persons engaged in other kinds of work they seem to go to pieces at a very high rate, and this is not because the men were serving in tropical countries, or in other conditions unfavorable to them. In the first decade after the restoration of the mortality from disease in the French army at home, was about twice that among men of the same age in the civil population, so we see that the military is one of the most hazardous occupations for a person to become engaged in, and in any event is apt to shorten his life although peace should prevail constantly.

During the middle of the last century the mortality among the armies of France, Prussia and England was almost exactly fifty per cent higher than among the civil population, and this estimate was taken on a peace footing. Naturally when any of these armies were serving abroad or in tropical countries the mortality was indeed considerably higher in every respect. A good example of this is shown in regard to the British troops serving abroad, and even outside the tropics, the mortality was one-third more than the army at home; and when serving in the tropics it was four times as great and in some instances even more than that. Now, in addition to this high mortality among the military part of the population, which has been specially selected for

full stature, vigor, and freedom from infirmity of any sort whatsoever, we have still another problem confronting us right from this point. It is the pernicious weakening of the home of these broken down men who then return home, and thus are added to the civil population which is made so much weaker as a result. From the eugenic point of view this is one of the most serious features of disease in the army.

Much interesting data has been collected by scientists for various purposes which all points out the fact that a military occupation is extremely hard for men. A record of typhoid fever in the French army, which was carefully worked out by Dr. Brouardel for a special French Commission on Military Hygiene, shows that the mean annual strength of the French army in France, Algeria, and Tunis in the thirteen-year period of 1872-1884, was 413,493 men, with mean annual deaths from typhoid of 1,357, and mean annual cases of 11,640 or one case of typhoid fever to every thirty-six soldiers. However, since the Franco-Prussian war there has been a rapid decrease in the numbers of deaths and cases of typhoid. The annual number of deaths per ten thousand men was reduced from 32.1 in the five-year period of 1875-1880, and 8.7 a decade later. And in 1901 the number of deaths was reduced to the relatively low figure of 5.7 per ten thousand men. The above result comes

from the lessening of the number of cases and not from a lower proportion of deaths to cases, for this ratio has remained about the same, which was twelve per cent from 1870 to 1900.

On account of the hygienic methods discovered and used, the loss from typhoid is today no greater in the army than among men of similar age in the civil population. The army has the best kinds of hospitals and the best doctors in attendance. Therefore the proportion of deaths should not be greater. Warfare causes large armies and navies to exist, which are indeed a very breeding ground for the worst of human disease. The public does not recognize, which can't be too much emphasized, the importance to the community of the prevention of venereal disease.

The intense desire of peace has found the strongest of its new motives in the hope of the development of the race which, except for the revolutionary force of militarism, has been infinitely increased by the doctrine of evolution. So long as the classical idea of the state governed the minds of men, fathers and mothers brought up their sons to be warriors, which they do to this day in Japan. They did this without questioning the right of the state to sacrifice for its own ends and needs, while mothers exhorted their sons to die bravely for the power and honor of the state which were then looked upon as the

highest values. But, today the fallacy of war is apparent to all who THINK.

"War babies" is a term which might be applied to all babies if they are to be slaughtered, or even apt to be slaughtered, or even apt to be slaughtered in huge international fights, mostly waged by a ruler who can only at the worst lose some earth, and some creatures whom they value as little, or perhaps even less. George Washington knew what he was talking about when he said, "The friends of humanity will deprecate war wheresoever it may appear." And these greatest friends of humanity are today opening their mouths for the first time. I refer to the mothers of men who have furnished babies for war.

Today many men and women regard it as their highest contribution to culture to be the parents of the new generation, and they feel it to be blasphemy against life—which to them is another name for GOD—that the beings their love called into existence, and fostered with infinite care and tenderness, the beings who bear the heritage of all past generations and the potentialities of all those to come, should be prematurely torn out of the great human chain of development.

The pacifists are not cowards, they are not afraid of death. The mothers all risk their lives that men may live. The fact of death is not

the contention, but it is premature and meaningless death which hurts.

War prevents babies, because the massacre does not fall upon the oldest of the nation, those who have already made their contribution to life, nor upon the degenerates, for there would be some sense in that. But, NO, it is just the young that are mowed down. And among the strongest and best, the most valuable for the works of peace, the best fitted to be the fathers of the new generation and the better order of things.

The eyes of the populations of the nations will be opened at last and the wholesale hypnotizing of men under the guise of patriotism and in the interests of militarism must come to an end when the mothers will teach their children what the costs of war amount to, and what the pay for same amounts to in the final reckoning.

Times have changed, and no longer do mothers bring up their children in the double-faced morality, and teach them as individuals rather to suffer wrong than do wrong, rather to renounce their objects than to pursue them by unworthy means, and who bid them to put away the thoughts of vengeance and forgive their enemies—but who then with flaming eyes and inciting words exhort their sons as defenders of their country to commit acts which, as private persons, they regard as worse than base. These mothers, who with all the breath of their bodies blow the

flame of hate and envy, can not possibly prepare their sons, who become grown-up babies of war, to have minds in any manner prepared for peace, and much less to advocate it.

Only the mothers who are new, those who do not wish to raise war babies, or babies for wars to annihilate, and who are guided by the evolutionary idea, penetrated by the love of life, will be able to teach to the new generation an even deeper veneration for the work of intellectual and material culture. These new mothers will be able to instill into the minds of their babies, an ever more burning hatred of the wanton waste of life, the devastation of culture, the degradation of souls which latent as well as acute warfare has up to the present forced upon mankind.

People who can see farther than their noses know that ultimately right must triumph over might, although it may not be accomplished in the brief moment we call our lifetime. The dead triumph in us and we shall triumph in them, for their experience count for us. The dead and the unborn, whose behests we fulfill are the ones who count in this movement, while the impetus given to the peace movement, even by the strongest men of the times is but a wing-beat in the infinite immeasurable ocean of air, but these countless and innumerable wing-beats constitute the force that propels humanity forever forward and constantly upward.

The awakening of mothers whose babies shall no longer be reared for warfare has now become a fact, and their longing will take shape in future generations and their work which must be fruitful. We, who are now alive and hard at work will soon be gathered to our fathers, but our dreams which have already manifested themselves in real works are fast moving in the light of dawn where war babies exist only as a forgotten nightmare. Then the three great armies left by war, namely the mourners, cripples and thieves, shall be supplemented by peace and good will among men.

People are the inhabitants of the earth. We know of no other and perhaps we do not care. There never will be a time when war will cease abruptly until the secrets of the unknown power shall raise us a step as there is a missing link between man and a higher power.

When will women raise their voices and protest against the inconsistency of war and human life? Will there ever be a time when war shall be regarded as a punishment? It should be the melting pot which invites all the undesirables of every description to war upon the other, so that law, righteousness and justice shall predominate. But as things exist today, we have no practical use for genius, unless it is for the destruction of numbers at a time, we have no joy in life because there is no real freedom. True, masses

of people killed at a time do not make any material difference to the population. It is a small fraction which disappears, mourned for a while, and gradually forgotten.

The fight for existence, or for selfishness, or for principle kill our men, unfortunately our best and youngest, but it is not the evil in itself that is objectionable, it is the digression of civilization. The only solution to the problem, is, INTERNATIONALISM. We must start with the unborn child and prepare! Prepare to teach patriotism, so that the home country won't be defended whether right or wrong, but should be guarded and protected as one state in the Union, and teach LOVE for other children. This will lead us to the civilization where each nation shall be a state in the UNITED STATES OF THE WORLD.

All obstacles must be fought down. FIGHT to BUILD.

This hypocritical civilization! There is none and never will be so long as there are some underhanded people. Very soon, I fear, the mail will be censored, so I hope you get this. They are practicing rifle shooting and every shot stirs my emotions to such a degree that I wish, instead of the world going crazy, to have the organ chords send chills through the spines of the people, and instead of awakening the enthusiasm to

"We must win," I prefer the holy influence, "I must surrender to God."

Yours until ad finitum,

BILLY.

February, 1914.

Dear Kitty:

You are so self-centered in your work that I understand why I haven't heard from you in so long a time. I feel that you have taken up the study of prohibition and are working to eradicate that social, political and economical evil.

Try to think on these points and in your activities think of the man who is here trying to get the culture so overestimated in Germany.

In countenancing evil we countenance the source of evil, and by so doing give to despotism and every tyranny and barbarism the support necessary to keep the people in error.

While war is honored, morality has no foundation, for morality that honors evil is a perversion of common sense. It is the perversion of human conscience.

Morality is absolute; it can only have good for its object. True morality can only exist through the eternal and envariable principle—the common interest of humanity. This prin-

ciple is not simply an appeal to reason, but it is incontestable in its very nature and is obvious to everyone. This principle of morality should teach us the consequence of every deed and give us power to weigh all human actions in such a manner as to justify or condemn them.

If such a principle did exist, good and evil would be the same thing. The greatest virtues would not be distinguishable from the greatest vices. Tyranny would be as noble as liberty, despotism as legitimate as democracy, liberty no more rational than servitude, reason as lawless as force, the fraternity of nations no more righteous than war and carnage instigated by the ambition of despots. All human legislation would be based upon arbitrary rules; might would make right and might of force would be justice.

Civilization never existed. There is nothing new in the world today. We might think that the inventions, such as the wireless and the self-propelled vehicles are new. We believe that Edison has invented something new. No. Genius cannot be accounted for and only the knowledge of a civilization can explain the phenomenon. Mr. Edison himself does not understand what power is behind electricity or back of his great talent for discovering things and putting them into action.

Lands that have been discovered are not always new. Perhaps years and years ago, the very land that is under water was a country like our own, where buildings of vast size, libraries of uncountable writings and everything that we now have and pride ourselves with, existed, but was gradually sunk by the artful and unexplainable forces of nature. Perhaps the very land we are now on will some time sink, remaining leagues and leagues under the sea until some day a likeness of Christopher Columbus will come from the land which is now called the Atlantic Ocean and suddenly discover a new country, but which in ancient times was called America. Undoubtedly many remains will exist. Perhaps the tower of the Woolworth building will serve as a clue of the old times.

Hypocrites and hypocrisy—that is our so-called civilization! Who are they who lay down the laws for man to obey? Politicians in every country are the cheapest and dirtiest lot of men. The saloon is the incubator for them all and when such environment is combined with action which is supposed to be for the good of the people, there is bound to be failure. No civilization can exist where women are kept in political slavery, for women's work is the stepping stone toward higher living. It does not take much discernment to see that the rise

of women from the state of veritable slaves of men to their present position of near-companions and co-workers is also the story of the progress of civilization.

We call ourselves civilized and allow the saloon to exist, the place where fathers, husbands and sons learn to forget their ill-clad mothers, wives and children. It is the school in which sons learn to despise the quiet, pure joys of home, to become vile in word and act, sluggish in ambition and to fetter their wonderful souls and beautiful bodies with a demon's chains.

It is our optimism which makes us believe in our present civilization. But as long as the conditions of the times are such that man must work for enough money for food, clothing and housing; as long as the professional man cannot be in the work for the ethical advancement, but must struggle as any ordinary laborer, so long as men and women are the essentials to the increase of the human race; so long as men and women must satisfy their passions because the calling comes from within; so long as no substitutes are known or can be invented or discovered, there is no supreme civilization.

We foolishly believe that we have civilization and it is not necessary to act in order to secure peace. But we do not act because we really have not civilization. We will never

have peace between nations until we have peace between ourselves and learn to respect the principles of God. I do not care what your religion is, whether you are Protestant, Catholic, Hebrew, Atheist, Agnostic or a combination of all, for until we have peace with ourselves and with nations we do not have civilization nor democracy. Religions are clashing and although all are in the form to attain the same end, yet there is not a feeling of love, of one sect for the other. No matter what the belief, the creation and separation of mankind from the world at death, the entrance and the exit are the same.

The papers which openly and carefully expose to ridicule the Catholics and their church, prove that there is no brotherly love, therefore civilization is absent. Who is there to judge which form of religion is hypocritical or worthy of support? The handful of editors of Catholic and anti-Catholic, Clerical and anti-Clerical papers are not more acquainted with the unknown powers than we are and hence have no secrets that would entitle them to expound their spiritual ideas to the public. The priests who do all in their power to convert people to Catholicism are no more authorized to persuade a class by fear or hope than anyone has to condemn them. Since we cannot judge, since we do not know, we likewise cannot be

judged because the friends and enemies of religion do not know.

All the churches are trying their utmost to have the largest congregations, perhaps the largest collections. The churches do good, but real civilization requires no outer manifestation of spiritual worship. It is all wrong—the churches, the priests, the ministers—all are under the traditional ideas and beliefs, and when reasons are called for, no satisfaction is obtained. The church today is not aiming toward uniting people but toward separating them—separating them into a thousand sects, creeds and cliques.

Is it God's will that people shall live in His name and worship him from morning to night? The Bible teaches that Jesus Christ is the son of God and that He has wonderful supernatural power. We are also the children of God, but we look up to Christ as to a lord and not as to a brother; we pray to him and not to God, the supreme Force. We celebrate the birth and anniversary of the Son and disregard His superior. Why do we do this? Because we are not yet in the age of enlightenment where we can stand up and declare our own convictions, speak out and defy all Biblical stories, which were handed down, a mixture of fact and fable from father to son.

And as we are willing to accept the huge

improbabilities of the Bible for facts, because we have been brought up that way and have no convictions based on our own thought about the matter, so we are willing to accept the improbabilities of civilization as we have it to-day and call it the civilization, when as a matter of fact we are blind to any other.

I do not mean to say that people should not have faith in the Scriptures. I feel that no one has the right to monopolize that faith—that there might be other faiths which will lead man finally to the supreme and unknown Force which for ages has been worshiped in thousands of ways by thousands of creeds. Who gave the spiritual laws for man to follow? Are they not from his soul rather than from the heavens? Or are they man-made laws?

Does not every religion reflect the personality and even the inimitable manner of living, of the people who worshiped under it? The heavens and the hells of medieval days were nothing more than reflections of the pleasures and the pains of this earth.

People deceive themselves constantly when they attend a church, pray, read the Scriptures and then permit war, the genius of destruction and hate, without hindrance but rather encouragement. They read the commandments, "Thou shalt not steal, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," "Thou shalt not kill,"

"Honor thy mother and thy father." If we loved our neighbors as well as ourselves, war would never be. "Thou shalt not steal!" Fighting for the possession of territory is stealing in the truest sense of the word. Is it not a fact that thousands of people are killed in order to satisfy the monstrous iniquity of our pride, ambition and selfishness? "Thou shalt not kill!" War is the founder of evil and death. "Honor thy father and thy mother!" Under the deplorable conditions of war we forget humanity and see only the nations, forgetting that the people make nations and not the nations make people.

It is arrant nonsense to speak of the honor of a government. A nation can have honor only when its people are honorable, and people cannot be honorable unless they obey the commandments of God—which are also the commandments of man—and follow the purest laws of life. Do we honor our fathers and mothers when we kill our fathers and would-be fathers directly, and indirectly by means of deprivation and neglect; kill the mothers and the daughters? Do we honor our country by killing the strongest and the best, i. e., leaving only the crippled, the weak, the sick and those incapacitated by age or infirmity? Do we carry out God's intention by murdering the

desirable and leaving the undesirable to reproduce themselves in degenerates?

No! We honor no one, not even ourselves in victory. Are we to judge civilization by conquests, victory, achievements, ability, genius? Who is the individual or class of people to judge or give the final verdict upon any activity? No one.

With all respect to professors, scientists, psychologists, economists and all thinkers, no one can judge or be judged. Each one must account on his own part for his own activities. Each in his own sphere in life has his own civilization. Look at the noted men of our time. These conspicuous persons, men of ability, our contemporaries, although they may, to some extent, serve our purpose, they are few in number. What is known or what is believed of them at this passing moment is likely to undergo a severe revision in time to come. Of the vast mass of human actions, the things which are daily done and said in the world around us, they are said and done according to a usage of speech and of diction; they are in accordance with the standing orders of a civilized community.

To me, civilization is the perfection of acquired knowledge, unrefutable and undebatable. It is love from the heart, unselfishly distributed with no underlying motive, no per-

sonal reason, where character is of the highest and achievement has no room for improvement. Are we there or even near it today? Answer for yourself.

We do things, prompted not by law or order, but by impulse. Even thinking twice before we speak proves that a hesitancy on our part is evidence that we are swayed by many things.

Since the beginning of the world we have had the stronger physical power overrule the weak. Can we conceive of anything more brutal than the bull fights for the entertainment of ladies and nobles? Would human intelligence delight in such sports today? Of old the fight for existence was crude and cruel, and therefore they live under the theory that might made right. The arena attracted thousands and thousands of people dressed in their brightest and best to witness a fight between a huge, hungry lion and a poor, small man, who through misfortune or undesirable birth was given that punishment. Education gradually came in and wiped out the arena. Education did wipe out the arena, but education must be still stronger and lead civilization. It must lead until even our prize fights are eradicated.

Can we conceive of anything more treacherous than a massacre of people because of a difference in religious beliefs? The Romans caused race prejudice and hatred among the

Jews and her people for many generations. Even the animosity which exists against the Jews today is revenge and antagonism inherited from ancestors. Our descendants will surpass us in education and intelligence. But let us begin now to tear down the barriers erected by prejudice, and then we shall see prevailing before us in every discussion a spirit of harmony and mutual confidence. We would not incite riots or massacre people today because of the difference in religions any more than we would burn down a church because we did not believe in its principles. Education is bringing us to a point where we shall all believe in God or the Unknown; call it what you will, but we will see no image of a person. That will rule our destiny, and yet civilization will not be present until the divine and ourselves shall be synonymous, and no secrets will be hidden from us.

The exceptions in medieval France serve to recall the love of war in ancient times. People were punished by death for the smallest theft; to walk on pointed red-hot irons, or tortured by gradually cutting off the limbs; these were the methods with which a supposed civilized nation used to instill respect of the inferior to the self-acclaimed well born. Today we have not the guillotine to chop off the offender's head and toss it to the crowd of spectators for

them to amuse themselves with at handball. We have developed a step and use more advanced methods of inflicting punishment. We give sentences of hard labor, deprive offenders of their freedom, or inflict the maximum penalty of electrocution. But real civilization, such as we do not have as yet, will warrant other conditions, and will not recognize such punishments. The courts for settling individual differences are now needed even with their verdicts under the present laws, which gives the judge the right to control part, or all, of the future of the offender's life.

There once lived a wealthy man who wanted to reform his wicked life in order to save his soul, and to regain the recognition of his old friends whom he had lost. He therefore visited the priest, who advised him to be pitiful and sympathetic. The rich man walked home after agreeing with the priest that love and charity were above wealth and fame.

That evening as he was comfortably seated near his fireplace smoking a good cigar, he heard the shrill voice of a woman outside, saying: "I am cold and hungry." Immediately he recalled the advice of the priest, "Be kind and sympathetic." With this thought in mind, he exclaimed: "Ah, my dear woman, I pity you." The woman waited, and then cried again, "Dear sir, I am starving and almost

frozen." To this the man again replied, "Ah, dear woman, I sympathize with you."

The next day the woman was found dead on the rich man's doorstep. He had given pity and sympathy, but that did not bring relief to the suffering woman. It takes action on the part of human intelligence to relieve others. We may pity the poor sufferers of war, we may sympathize with those who cry "Peace!" but what good will it do if we only feel it?

We must act. The only way to give relief is to establish international peace. We hear nations exclaiming in every tongue, "Peace, peace! We want peace!" If you believe in peace, you must act, act in the same way you would to relieve any suffering.

I believe with you, that the first law of life is self-preservation, which leads to the making of the individual. Development is the second, the stimulating of the intelligence by means of education. The third and most important law is equilibrium—the accord, co-operation and harmony of human life. When we shall have fully opened our hearts to these laws, peace will be substituted for war.

Somehow I cannot believe it—but who can tell? Germany is preparing for a conquest—I feel it.

Lovingly yours,

BILLY.

March, 1914.

Dear Billy:

I hope you are wrong in your thought about war. Strange though, I, too, feel it coming.

The cause of war is selfishness in almost every case. We want more land, more honor, more wealth, more recognition, more rights. In the old barbaric days we fought for these, but today we must submit our international grievances, not through a municipal court, not to the supreme court of a state, not to the supreme court of a nation, but to the supreme court of the world—a new institution which makes the foundation for a new civilization.

We cannot gain justice by means of fighting. You will recall the duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr. The latter wished to rule as he pleased, which naturally led to a duel. Might does not make right, and Hamilton, although the better man and in the right, was killed. Does not war result the same?

Let us take the famous old battles and see if we derived any good from them. The battle

of Marathon gave supremacy to Greece for awhile. Art and architecture sprang up rapidly and fell as quickly. In time of peace, art, literature and architecture are created slowly but are permanent.

The battle of Athenians at Syracuse and the battles of Arbela, Meturas, Chakon, Tours, Hastings—all these serve to prove that they lead to the sudden rise of ornamental structure and literature and to its sudden decline. John d'Arc's victory over the English, the defeat of the Spanish Armada, battle of Blenheim, battle of Pultowa, victory of the American army of Burgoyne, battle of Valmy, battle of Waterloo—all these decisive battles did good in elevating a public taste in art. For a good many years this influence was felt, but was finally lost.

Art, literature and architecture must grow naturally and not artificially. Progress must be evolutionary and not revolutionary.

War makes traitors. Why should we honor Nathan Hale and despise another country's spy? Is not one as despicable as another, when looked at from an impartial standpoint? Is it civilization that picks one man as the traitor and that same man as a spy? Of course it is expected that the one that does something for us, in the selfish view, again, is the one to be praised. Do we ever rate men as to their actual worth to a com-

munity? No, we permit men who become famous in the wars to stand out pre-eminently before us, and the worst is that we allow our children to study the infamous activities and hold these men up as models of heroism. War is glorified. Why do we not teach children a better side of life and use as a model, men of peace? For, although nations cry peace, war is taught their children.

The sad results of war begin to show themselves immediately after the destruction. This is owing to our sensational emotions. Even in peace after accidents, murder cases and great calamities, poets and song-writers bring out "hits" and thereby make the sensation stronger and more exciting. In a short time the sentiment weakens and diminishes and is not heard of until another sensation appears.

After the Revolutionary war, a banquet was held and George Washington was noticed pouring tea from the cup into the saucer. When asked why he did this he answered, "The cup of tea represents the House of Representatives, a hot body; I pour tea from the cup into the saucer, the saucer represents the Senate, the cool body." So it is with countries. Our highest bodies may be led by impulse to wage war when insulted. The Hague Conference was chosen because of its insignificant size, in order that quick tempered countries might have a cool, deliberate body to act for them as the last resort.

I saw a cartoon once in which Germany was represented as saying, "I shall defend Miss Peace at all costs," and to which Great Britain answered, "The same here and a bit more." Miss Peace between them breaks in with, "Well, let us hope they don't quarrel or there will be an end to me!"

War is a license to commit all crimes with impunity. It is burglary, slaughter, devastation and ruin of nations. It overthrows all customs, ideas of righteousness and truth. It is hated by all nations of the world. It is the way under which society sinks from bad to worse through unfolding all the subversive aberrations to which man is subject. It results in treason, degradation, violation of life and property and ruin of progress.

It is the story of the sacrifice of innocent people, of women outraged, of children tortured, of entire populations murdered, of every unspeakable violence, of every kind of wickedness that has cursed the earth. It is the basest perversion of common sense, the negation of every human right, the upsetting of society, and the annihilation of all the conquest of progress.

The terrible violations of human life by war should alone suffice to show that those principles of a high morality which should be the charge of men trusted with the government of nations, are by them completely unknown. Does

morality exist simply to protect individuals from violence and homicide? Is it not the mission of morality to teach kings, emperors, czars, and all rulers, the inviolability of human life before the law?

It is considered a crime to attempt the life of a man or to rob him of his possessions, yet it is not counted a crime for monarchs to set armies of men to murder each other in uncountable numbers, just to gratify their selfish motives. Oh, shame to humanity, women forsaken, mothers mourning, children without food, families reduced to squalor and wretchedness, calamities of all kinds—can all these be borne by man except as the result of an execrable crime? Shall fields be ravaged, villages destroyed, cities razed, industry ruined, labor indignation raised against those hands that are the cause? Shall not the blood that is lost, the limbs amputated, the human forms mutilated, all the frightful spectacles of human carnage call down the destruction on destroyers and the execration and the malediction of Eternal Justice?

What are we to think of morality and of human laws when we see all the misery that war entails upon people? Shall we not bring down upon the authors of these evils the most fearful of punishments? The Creator has clearly pronounced an anathema upon war by the evils it inevitably causes to people and to nations. For

the makers of war—the basest treason against humanity—the expiation is subordinated to the living Moral Law, and in the pillory of Divine Justice they must suffer the degradation that is reserved for them in this life. For they deceive themselves who think that all human acts do not find their equilibrium before the bar of eternal nature. No real good that man can accomplish will go unrecompensed, no real evil unexpiated. Each one rises by the good he does, and each one sinks in proportion to the evil with which his life is laden. This is the real moral law that must be taught to despotism, as well as to all humanity.

The education of the people is contrary to the government whose principle is force, and which holds the mass of human beings as tools, to be used as they see fit. The education of the people is the signal of the peoples' sovereignty; a sovereign and educated people inspired by the interests of labor and the prosperity of nations, would banish despotism and the spirit of war and inaugurate liberty and peace throughout the United States of the world. But for this end we must discover the moral law that condemns despotism and war. It would be a wise paternalism which would, by law, require every school in every country desiring a civilization, the systematic teaching of the universal kindness. This law must show to all eyes the execrable evils

caused by war and despotism, and exhibit them in such light that even despots themselves will recoil at the sight.

If your instinctive powers tell you there is to be war, come home. I do not want to see you in danger—so come.

Yours,

KITTY.

May, 1914.

Dear Billy:

I have been greatly worried about you. Why haven't I heard from you? Are conditions so bad that you cannot analyze your feelings and thoughts on the subject? Peace-seekers who believe in preparedness are said to be dreamers and theorists. It is said that they indulge in illusions. Realists, patriots, and believers in preparedness are also indulging in illusions.

In this country we are beginning to feel abhorrence, a feeling of resentment, as though we were injured. Some are crying for preparedness to prevent catastrophies in this country. War, they admit is barbaric. They acknowledge that this country would never wage a war of aggression. We would never do anything but defend ourselves. But, is that even beginning to approach reality? When we say that we abhor war and do not believe in it, are we facing the truth?

There have been few wars in the past two hundred years in which each side has not protested, and in all probability believed, that it was fighting in self defense. Napoleon never waged a war, never mapped out a campaign, or planned a battle, other than in self defense of France. The Roman empire was built defending itself. The British empire was built, as its archives will tell you, defending itself. Suppose Germany tried to colonize America, what would be our attitude? We would maintain that it would be in self defense, but we would have to fight on foreign soil. In other words, like all people, we think that all others are unrighteous, but that ours alone are "noble and righteous altogether." We are especially sure that our wars are righteous, because, we maintain, we won all of them, and, of course, our country could not have been wrong in any instance. The South has forgiven the Rebellion, not only because it was beaten, but because the slaves were freed, and our white brothers laid down their lives. This is not illusion. This is merely breaking the bubbles, and piffling tommyrot of loyalty, patriotism, and self defense. If we get down to facts and study the history of human action in the past, we will find that wars have never settled problems for nations, nor for the human race.

Cromwell freed England from the Stuarts, established a democracy, and then set himself up

as king. But the scepter fell from the inert hands of his son, and the English people rushed the Stuarts back to the throne. Cromwell destroyed England's masterpieces of architecture, painting, sculpture, and manslaughtered several hundred thousand noble men, women and children.

The Rockefeller and Carnegie of that age were George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. They were the two richest men in the country. And, what improved conditions and gave impetus to this country subsequent to the Revolution was not our independence of Great Britain; for, following our victory at Yorktown, we had several years of chaos, and almost anarchy, in which the thirteen colonies found themselves going to the dogs. It was only after they united and began to co-operate, which is the great secret of human happiness and the corner stone of religion, that their condition began to improve. It was co-operation, not independence, that gave this country its start.

The war of 1812 was fought for the ostensible reason of securing the freedom of the seas, and of keeping Great Britain from searching our ships and impressing our sailors. We stoutly maintain now that we won the victory. What, in fact, did happen was that the capitol was burnt and sacked, and we were repeatedly licked on land, though we did sink a few English ves-

sels. We signed the treaty of peace, which was more a confession that both sides were tired of a nasty and contemptible quarrel. It was after the treaty of peace was signed that we won our only land victory. In other words, our subconscious thinking should be well analyzed. As a Y. M. C. A. secretary once expressed it to me: "Man has to be tempered in a bath of blood. It was the cold steel and gunpowder that made free the seas to American commerce. The sword gave us the great empires of Texas, New Mexico, and California. It was the sword that struck the shackles from the slaves and made this nation really one. It was the sword that freed Cuba from the cruel tyranny of Spain, and, perhaps, again we shall in righteous indignation have to draw the sword from the scabbard to uphold the cause of outraged humanity."

If this is true, then, for the love of truth, for the love of logic, for the love of intellectual righteousness and rectitude, of spiritual stimulation and beverage, we ought to revise our Bibles and the Christian code. We ought to say that we should not turn the other cheek, and we should not love those that hate us, but, instead, we should take an eye for an eye, we should pray to God to confound our enemies, and help to aid Him in this task. We should not teach our children, nor believe it ourselves, that he who seeks

his life shall lose it, and he who loses his life shall find it.

We should teach our children, without any inconsistent churchly condiments, as we are in fact doing, that the main purpose of life is to succeed; that commercial success depends on the amount of cash that you get to buttress yourself against the vicissitudes of poverty and disease, and to insure yourself the luxuries of the world, and the service of your less successful brothers.

If, however, we are going to persist in mouth-ing these Christian teachings, and, perhaps, in our best moments, resolve that we shall actually put them into practice, should we not also take inventory ourselves of the status of affairs, and find out just exactly what our task is? We find that independence, freedom, and liberty have been achieved by other people than the American nation without a bloody revolution, and without cutting the threads that tie the various groups of mankind together. We find that although the United States won its freedom and liberty, as we call it, more or less theoretically, that Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and Scotland have equal, if not superior individual liberty and freedom, and that the unity, or connection, with the "mother country, as it is called, has made for economy, commercial development, and added protection. We find, also, that they have been involved in fewer wars, have been subject to less

bloodshed, and have solved their social industrial problem in a less cataclasmic fashion. By co-operation, their commerce and merchant marine have been safeguarded, nourished, and promoted. They have also abolished slavery without bloodshed; their citizens can go practically all over the world with absolute assurance of protection; education has been developed more evenly, and, largely for that reason, a saner, more regular view of life has been developed.

The first Christians actually turned the other cheek. Of course, it is difficult for us to conceive of the spiritual influence of their sacrifice, and we can scarcely imagine the miraculous effect that it had in propagating and seeding love, charity, and forgiveness as the Gospel; and, hence, the endless circle, the endless tick of the pendulum that keeps time with the ceaseless flow of blood. Just as a Kentucky feud is considered primitive and barbarous, international strife should not be considered majestic, dignified, and patriotic. Relics of barbarism result in polygamy, infanticide, legalized prostitution, capricious divorce, sanguinary and immoral games, infliction of torture, wars of rapacity, caste, and slavery.

What are the trials and ills of peace that we have to meet? They are hatred, fear, envy, ignorance, disease, poverty, and vice. War has never cured, or even alleviated these ills of man-

kind; on the contrary, the conditions are the same. It does, as its defenders maintain, spur people on to action and to putting forth their entire energy; not for any glorious ideal, but to save their lives and to protect themselves from the ills that may be worse than even their direct imagination can picture. It makes them put forth their best spiritual, mental, physical, and material forces. Love is turned into hatred, hope into despair, faith into cynicism and perfidy; the constructive powers of the mind are turned into destructive channels, and the manhood of the race is killed by the thousands, and, in modern wars, by the million. Children, born and unborn, are sacrificed on the altar of hatred infinitely—more horrible than the blazing Moloch of the Charthaginian. Women are ravished, insulted, mistreated, and scorned. The men, who return, are maimed and deformed, and are but imperfect relics of the stalwart soldiers who marched forth to do battle. Generations of the future must bear the greivous burden of debt; for every dollar that they produce anywhere from five to forty per cent of it must be paid to wipe out the debt, and reduce the dreadful bankruptcy that war entails.

And in years to come, all this transient training of unwilling beings is but a bitter memory, and the weary hearts of the surviving but starved spirits turn to the growths of peace, with scarcely

an inkling of the lesson remaining in their minds and hearts. With diminished powers, with lost brothers untrained, more avaricious because of the sacrifice enforced, they turn to the world for another carnival of self-indulgence, and of vice and of virtue.

But in the glorious and demure corners of peace, calm and wishing souls are always found that strive in God's own home to bring forth the blooming flowers of the spirit. With bodily fatigue, intellectual rust, and spiritual desires, they cast out seeds which weaken the Garden of Life.

Why, Billy, the war you fear is coming to Europe, is bound to send the pangs to the innocent and peace-loving. We must be drawn into it in a very little while, as we must fight for peace, and strive to establish harmony and understanding all over the world. As one nation we can have accord, but where every nation is seeking controlling power over the commerce of the seas, then how can we prevent the underhanded methods which one would condescend to use so as to gain a point.

War is a terrible thing, but if it helps the economic, commercial and human development of the world—it pays to burn, to kill, to slaughter, and, from the scenes of evil, thus allow the coming generation to benefit and advance. War is destructive, yet it leans toward the rapid up-

building of architecture, literature, art, science, invention of all sorts. This country needs an awakening of some sort. I feel something is going to happen.

KITTY.

July 4th, 1914.

Dear Billy:

You need not write if you do not care to. You might be courteous enough to answer. I have been thinking that I might hurry you back to America before anything rash happens over there.

Anxiously,

KITTY.

July 1st, 1914.

Dear Kitty:

Our letters must be crossing in the mails. Can not understand your silence. If you knew how much I want to hear from you, you would write, write, write.

I love you,

BILLY.

August, 1914.

Dear Kitty:

War is raging in Europe. It seems to me it is a great economic outburst. I am a pacifist, and I feel that humanity is outraged.

I have felt, and continually insist, that a new reverence is essential to the cause of social reform. As long as men regard one another as they do now, that is, as little better than beasts, they will continue to treat one another brutally. Each strives by craft or skill, to make others his tools. There can be no spirit of brotherhood, no true peace until men come to understand their relation with God, and the infinite purpose for which He gave them life. As yet these ideas are treated as a kind of spiritual romance; and, the teacher who really expects men to see themselves and one another the children of God, is smiled at as visionary.

The reception of this plainest truth of Christianity would revolutionize society, and create relations among men not dreamed of at the present day. A union would spring up, compared with which our present fellowships would seem

estrangements. Men would import the word brother, as yet but a word to the multitudes. None of us can conceive the change of manners, the new courtesy and sweetness, the mutual kindness, deference, and sympathy, the life and energy of efforts for social amelioration, which would spring up in proportion as man shall penetrate beneath the body to the spirit, and shall learn what the lowest human being is.

Then insults, wrongs and oppressions, now scarcely noticed, will give a deeper shock than we receive from the crimes which the laws punish with death. Then man will be sacred in man's sight; and to injure him would be regarded as open hostility towards God. It has been under a deep feeling of the intimate connection of better and more just views of human nature with all social and religious progress that I hope for this fellowship of a new and real civilization.

William Ellery Channing said: "Mighty powers are at work in the world. Who can stay them? God's word has gone forth and it cannot return to Him void. A new comprehension of the Christian spirit, a new reverence for humanity, a new feeling of brotherhood, and of all men's relations to the common Father; this is among the signs of our times. We see it; do we not feel it? Before this all oppressions are to fall. Society, silently pervaded by this, is to change its aspect of universal warfare for that

of peace. The power of selfishness, all-grasping and seemingly invincible, is to yield to this divine energy. The song of the angels, 'On earth, peace,' will not always sound as fiction.

Through the passion of war, government ordained by God to defend the weak against the strong, to exalt right above might, has up to this time been the great wrong doer. Its murders reduce to insignificance those of the bandits, pirates, highwaymen, assassins, against whom it undertakes to protect society. How harmless are all the criminals in the world compared with the military power here in Europe!

One of the tremendous evils of the world is the monstrous accumulation of power in a few hands. Half a dozen men at this moment light the fires of war throughout the world, convulse all supposed civilized nations, sweep earth and sea with armed hosts, spread desolation through the fields and bankruptcy through the cities. The less power given to man over man, the better. I speak of political and physical force. There is a power which cannot be accumulated to excess, that is moral power, that of truth and virtue, the royalty of wisdom and love, of magnanimity and true religion. It is mightiest when most gentle.

Great nations, like great men, place their honor in resisting insult and in fighting well. One would think that the time had gone by in which nations needed to rush to arms to prove that

they were not cowards. Is it not time that the point of honor should undergo some change, so that bloodshed should not be the proof of valor? Must fresh blood flow forever, to keep clean the escutcheon of a nation's glory?

Hell is in our hearts if we can see the other nation only as a vague mass. Is it not thus? Our nation, other nations, should spread out before us into individuals, into a thousand different forms and relations. They consist of mothers, fathers, husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters. They consist of religious people united to the common Savior. They consist of the vast multitudes of laborers whose toil for a livelihood is the same in every part of the world. They consist of science and genius.

Why don't we stop to consider that when we fight with other countries we are sending mourning to the very peaceful homes that we so cherish? Why don't we realize that a war with other people is a sword thrust through the hearts of human beings? The sufferings and death of a single fellow being often excites a tender and active compassion; but we hear without emotion, of thousands enduring every variety of woe in war. A single murder in peace thrills through our frames, but the countless murders of war are heard of and forgotten. The execution of one criminal depresses us, and philanthropy is laboring to substitute milder punishments for death,

but the execution of ten thousand soldiers only fans a patriotic elation.

Look at the extensive region, desolated and overspread with ruin; its forests rent as if blasted by lightning; its villages prostrated as by an earthquake; its fields bared as if swept by storm. Not long ago the sun shone on no happier spot. But raging armies prowl over it; war frowns on it; its fruitfulness and happiness have fled. Here thousands and tens of thousands were gathered from distant provinces, not to embrace as brethren, but to renounce the tie of brotherhood, and many thousands in the vigor of life, when least prepared for death, were hewn down and scattered like chaff before the whirlwind.

Here are the heaps of slain, weltering in their own blood, their bodies mangled, their limbs shattered, some with almost every vestige of human form and countenance destroyed. Here are multitudes trodden under foot and the war horse has left the trace of his hoof on many a crushed and mutilated frame. Here the severe suffer; they live, but live without hope or consolation; but victims of war, falling by casual, undirected blows, often expiring in lingering agony, their deep groans moving no compassion, their limbs writhing on the earth with pain, their lips parched with a burning thirst, their wounds open to the chilling air, the memory

of home rushing to their minds, but not a voice of friendship or comfort reaching their ears. Amidst this scene of horrors, you see the bird and beast of prey gorging themselves with the dead and dying, and human plunderers rifling the warm and almost palpitating remains of the slain. If you extend your eye beyond the immediate field of battle and follow the track of the victorious and pursuing army, you see the roads strewn with the dead; you see scattered flocks and harvests trampled under foot, the smoking ruins of cottages, and the miserable inhabitants fleeing in want and despair. And even yet the horrors of a single battle are not exhausted. Some of the deepest pangs which it inflicts are silent, retired, enduring, to be read in the widow's countenance, in the unprotected orphan, in the aged parent, in the affectionate, cherishing the memory of the slain, weeping because it could not minister to the last pangs.

There is still another scene presented in war, the besieged city. Day and night the women, children, the old and infirm tremble and faint at the sight of the weapons of death and conflagration. They are worn with famine and pestilence. At length the assault is made, every barrier is broken down and a lawless soldiery, exasperated by resistance, burning with lust and cruelty, are scattered through the streets. The domestic retreat is violated; even the house of

God is no longer a sanctuary. Venerable age is no protection, female purity no defense. Is woman spared amidst the slaughter of father, brother, husband, and son? She is spared for a fate which makes death, in comparison, a merciful doom. With such heart-rending scenes, history abounds and repeats itself. What better fruits can you expect from war?

The Great Voice that declares Truth through all time is composed of two voices: the woman's voice and the man's voice. Man has the strong, resounding key; woman gives but the tender, minor key—harmony. And if this voice ceased, the Great Voice would continue with the hardness of strength only.

Is war the harmony in breaking up the monotonous peace? With woman, the power of love is predominant and this determines woman's special mission; its aim is to put truth into the heart and unite it with love. Love is not taught, it is inspired. Occasionally there are women who manifest the masculine spirit, for example, Semiramis had the male spirit and she did male deeds so great that she stands by the side of Caesar and Alexander. Joan of Arc had a womanly spirit, but she accomplished manly deeds; saving a throne, leading an army to victory against an enemy, and saving a kingdom from subjection. Such women are exceptional. Most women are clinging vines, preferring to

flirt with love, rather than with bullets. Nurses heal and patch up the misery, wretched and distrusted. Men destruct; women construct.

There is so much misery here that I would not want America to take any other stand but that of neutrality. Yet when Germany continually commits acts of barbarism, I can't see how you hold out as long as you do. If I could but get out, I would.

If we want to do something worthy of civilization we must stop the unreasonable war in Europe. It started without cause and must end for every reason.

Affectionately,

WILLIAM.

September, 1914.

Dear William:

I know you are a pacifist, that you are allowing your reason and judgment to be guided by the end instead of the means. If conditions were as they should be, we would never need to fight, since we always gain in peace.

Had the colonists fought the Indians for Manhattan Island would they have had any more of the Island, would they have gained any more than they did by trading? These pioneers certainly acted justly and wisely. They purchased the island for twenty-four dollars worth of

trinkets. Surely that was cheaper than ammunition and lives.

Day by day, year by year, this peace sympathy grows. Our business, using the word broadly, is no longer the business of our little neighborhood, our city, our state, our nation; it is the business of the whole world. We cannot calmly regard injustice to other peoples. We cannot, without injuring our national conscience commit an injustice upon another nation.

Treaties with the Indians once kept the white people and the red men friendly. The Indians' pipe of peace was a symbol of good feeling toward the stranger. William Penn's treaty with the Indians was a safe and sane act. There is no expense in making a treaty. Penn realized that paper, ink and time were less to give than lives and treasure.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the Napoleonic wars were waging in Europe. Our country was drawn into the struggle and fought the War of 1812. At the end of the war, when the supposed civilized world lay breathless and ashamed of its quarter of a century of fighting, the first Peace Society was organized in New York City. Other peace societies were also slowly formed as Napoleon ended his destructive career.

London had her first Peace Society established in 1843 which was soon followed by

Brussels in 1848, Frankfort 1850, London in 1851 founded another society. Peace societies became rapidly popular as people were awakened to the situation.

These peace societies, combined with the approval of the public, made way for the Hague Conferences. The immediate cause of holding the first Hague Conference, was the action of Nicholas II, czar of Russia. It seemed very remarkable to the rest of the world and even to many Russians themselves, that such an impulse towards international peace should come from the world's largest military strength unrestricted by constitutional and parliamentary checks. Yet there is reason to believe that the present czar is sincere in his desire to promote world peace and to diminish the burden of taxation for the military and naval expenditures which press down with increasing weight upon the shoulders of all the people of Europe.

In 1899, at the Hague, Netherlands, the first peace conference was held. The queen gave the residence of the royal family for the delegates from the various countries. The private conference without stenographic reports was done away with at the second conference in 1907, as the world was so interested and wished to be informed as to the decisions of the court. Although the conferences were not thoroughly or-

ganized, thirty-four nations pledged themselves to the establishment of the court.

For the first three years of its existence, no cause was heard before the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague. Then a dispute between the United States and Mexico gave the court its first work. Up to the present time nine cases involving money questions, territorial questions, questions of interpretation of treaties and of "honor" have been heard and determined. Nicholas Murray Butler once said: "It begins to look as if the stone of Sisyphus that has so often been rolled with toil and tribulation almost to the top of the hill, only to break loose and roll again to the bottom, is now in a fair way to be carried quite to the summit."

The United States took an active part in bringing about the first Hague Conference held in 1899, and delegates from the United States took advanced ground for a permanent international court of arbitration.

The second Hague Peace Conference was held in 1907, and again the representatives from the United States took the lead, especially in originating propositions far in advance of the more conservative nations.

The third international peace conference was to have been held at the Hague in 1916, and the United States undoubtedly would have again taken an important part. The third conference,

whenever it will be held will be a milestone in history because the American representative will advocate a definite plan partially proposed by President Wilson. The American Peace and Arbitration League of New York City, was the first to endorse the plan, advocating the creation of an International Court of Arbitration.

We are advancing gradually towards international peace, but cannot reach our goal until all the nations of the earth shall become the United States of the World. Every nation is now independent, but when they act as a unit, we may see our dreams on international peace materialize. Of course international peace would make each nation dependent upon the others. This form of co-operation will no doubt meet with opposition of certain rulers and countries. There is always hope as long as we remember that even the savage Indians preferred to arbitrate with William Penn, than war with him. A brief examination of the first and second Hague Conferences shows that the conference is a legislative and judicial body without executive power. The execution of its decrees rests with the nations which submit their disputes. Although a number of decisions have been rendered, still the submission of disputes of the court by all nations is far from being universal. Usually the cases have been those which have been impossible to settle by diplomatic means and the nations con-

cerned have agreed to accept the findings of the court and the appeal to the tribunal is purely voluntary. Yet in spite of its limitation, the Hague court is a wonderful and far-reaching step toward a United States of the World, with its Supreme Court of Civilization.

Every peace advocate is asking himself, or herself, how are we to have international peace since people of different countries are so different in habits, customs, beliefs, languages, and even wants and needs? Just as you say that people must fight for peace. Just as we tear down many houses to erect one high building, so must we force the nations to do their share of duty to the world. Wipe out the nations that are hinderances and obstacles to the peace movement. Peace should be regarded as a duty—a sacred duty and should make the nations feel disgraced to be ostracized from the coming federation of the world. Even today some of the small countries are hesitating in consenting to join progress. They are not enlightened as yet, and it is up to the large countries to discipline and direct them.

A universal language would be the greatest step today toward the object of universal peace. But each nation would wish its own language used. The vote at a peace conference would certainly be a failure, as the English people would choose the English language, the German people

would choose the German language and so with every nation. Every country believes her own language the best. Therefore each would want her own language as the adopted universal tongue.

We must, therefore, choose the next best step. War is sometimes due to the misunderstanding of language. It would be a good step for all people in all countries to learn the most spoken tongues of the world, which are no doubt, English, French, German and Spanish, so as to prevent misunderstandings. The idea of a universal language is a good one, but let me ask the Germans, the French, the Spanish and Japanese, the Turks and every person, no matter what nationality, to give up their mother tongue and learn a new one. Would they abide by the law of the international court? Never! No nation could overcome her prejudice and self-esteem and agree that some other nation's language should be substituted for her own. It is contrary to the first law of human life—self preservation.

To help towards the universal peace each nation should teach her children love for foreign children. We might realize our theories of peace if our children would learn to respect their little brothers and sisters in distant countries. Looking through a magazine some time ago, I noted a picture of a Japanese class of children being taught patriotism for their country. Each child

had a Japanese flag which he had been taught to love. These children were being taught the one-sided patriotism. They should learn to regard their own country as one state of the United States of the World and thus form a future peace-loving generation. Our New York children are taught to love their state but at the same time they love the United States. So should they be taught to love all other countries they would never entertain evil thoughts about other nations—and we know that the war is the result of evil thoughts.

As the Peace Movement progresses, nations appear uncertain about the question of disbanding the army and navy. For people are discovering that there is something more than battalions and bayonets, something wiser than Senates, something greater than royalty, something sweeter than liberty. The name is sounding through the gospels of Peace and War, and over all continents; it is Justice and Righteousness. Justice is the victorious cry of all hearts—Righteousness is the animating shout of the ages.

Elbert Hubbard wrote to me once that :

“Courts are created on the grounds of public good. Their purpose is to do justice between man and man so that peace and good order may prevail. The duty of the courts is public.”

Truth is on the scaffold. Wrong is on the throne.

Certainly as a democratic people we have slipped a cog somewhere. Our government takes account of property, but it does not take account of human rights and human life. The happiness of the individual is something which the state does not officially recognize. The State can do no wrong, except when it comes to property.

In Switzerland and New Zealand, the individual has a claim for money damages for illegal arrest and punishment, and in case of hanging the wrong man, the heirs can make a claim.

Should the State be held responsible for its mistakes, and it is possible for the State to be guilty of a crime against the individual?

The law says "No" but in the human heart there is something which says "Yes."

We are beginning to realize that the same weapons which hurt one country hurts them all. The poison that kills one kind of people will kill them all. What educates one will educate them all. Life is given and taken in one country, as in every other—the Hand of Destiny that rules one country, guides them all. As soon as the nations are led by the same impulse, it will be safe to disband standing armies and navies. As conditions are today disarmament might encourage underhanded, seeming friends to take advantage of our situation. Peace should not

be one-sided. Shall we abolish our own army and navy? We cannot until other nations are willing to do likewise. We cannot build a navy overnight nor raise an army in a week. And defense which is carried on without discipline or system is bound to be unsuccessful.

I state emphatically that we should not abolish our army or navy. Although we may abhor war, still one of the best ways to keep out of war is to be strong enough to resist attack. Some of the most peaceful men are those who are well equipped with fighting muscles. James E. McCreery, one of the strongest peace advocates, says:

“Disarmament or decrease of armament will come when the great nations agree upon a system of concurrent action, and as the area of international arbitration is extended, there will be increased peace and security, which will be sure to warrant the decrease of armaments.”

William H. Taft says:

“Some gentlemen who in order to be unlike others, favor war as a necessary treatment of a nation in order to develop its finest qualities, but I am not disposed to say that as we look back in history some of the most dreadful wars, notably that of our Civil War, could hardly have been avoided if we were to accomplish the good which that war did accomplish. But as a general thing, we are all opposed to war. A nation does not

enter war lightly, for two reasons. First because the expense is so great that it is likely to lead to bankruptcy even if she wins, and second, if she does not win, the government or dynasty or whatever it may be that is in control of the government, is likely to undergo the humiliation of that defeat at the hands of her own people. These two things are working in a healthful way toward ultimate peace."

George Washington's words still hold good: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace."

We may believe in the peace movement but a neighboring barbaric nation may not. We must not be weak and unprotected while such nations are unrestrained any more than a householder would do without locks while criminals are still in existence. It is all very well to "love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to those that hurt you and pray for them that despitefully use and persecute you." There is nothing in the words to prevent you from depriving your enemies of any opportunity of despitefully using you.

Where you cannot use reason and judgment, you will have to use force. Where enlightened nations misunderstand each other they will submit their differences to a neutral body like the Hague Court. But until all nations will do that we must be ready to protect ourselves. I em-

phatically affirm that it is better to have an army and navy and not need them, than to need them and not have them.

What does peace do?

The marvelous growth of commerce is made possible by steam navigation, the electric telegraph, wireless and cable. The increase of travel and emigration from one country to another; the steady growth of education; "the steady decline of inhumanity in man," as Robert Burns called it, and the steady improvement of government are the results of peace.

Doubtless the stupendous products of man's thought and will—the steamers that plough all waters and connect all lands; the railways that bring all places together; the lightning-wires that enable men to wisper to each other across continents and oceans; the floating fortresses of iron equipped with tremendous arms, and a thousand other new engines and machines which the will of men has set going in factories and fields—doubtless all these considered merely as physical effects have in turn an important influence on man himself—on his individual and social life, on industry and commerce, on the peaceful intercourse of nations and on the art and conduct of wars (those bloody conflicts which at bottom so often represent only the struggle of opposing ideas). Thus these physical products of

man's will effect the direction and character of human progress.

The Singer and Woolworth buildings, Astor and Carnegie libraries, museums of art and natural history, art galleries and all kinds of magnificent structures are erected when the mind is calm and the surroundings peaceful.

This is the age of swift progress, of culture, of education, of genius. Still we realize that a great part of money wasted is on unnecessary things. We feel that the public money should be used for the people and not to help exterminate people. The condition of the poor could be made better if the expenditures of war preparation would be diverted to philanthropy. Life is not cheap when you consider the sacrifice in bringing it into the world. Government is made for the people, then why not spend the nation's money in beautifying the cities, bettering the conditions of the poor and uplifting the country? Why spend enormous amounts of money on ammunition and warships? We should have sufficient defense but never enough for conquest.

The establishment of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace makes an epoch, in that it furnished the organization and the means for a sustained and systematic effort to reach and to convince the public opinion of the world by scientific thought, argument and exposition.

It has been determined by the trustees of the Carnegie endowment to organize the undertaking committed to their charge as a great institution for research and public education and to carry on its work in three divisions—a division of International Law, a division of Economics, and a history division of Intercourse and Education.

The desire for knowledge and education made our country what it is today. It was men who longed and worked for peace that made this nation, and not those semi-brutal men whose constant cry in substance was that economic reasons warranted one people to fight another, so that room might be given to the coming generation. This world is large and has plenty of unexplored land which people might inhabit, when conditions force them to.

People today are becoming individual powers, especially the American people. Not only morally are they powers in the preservation of the cleanliness of human life; not only spiritually in the sway of their influence over the minds of other nations, but as social and economic powers, commercial and political powers; powers that are gaining strength day by day; powers that are bound to live, to keep and to preserve our country on the superior plane of nations in every line of endeavor and in every walk of life.

“Prepare” is not a new word, although in

these times of carnage it strikes us from every quarter and seems to take on a new meaning—that of war. But it is an old, old word—and such a peaceful word!

To multitudes it sums up our entire human existence. To millions of people this life is nothing but a place of preparation for the real life to come. To the great majority, the larger portion of their life is devoted to preparation for the crowning few years in which they will have the reward for their toil.

To true husbands and wives, "prepare" means making ready the home for the invaluable and ineffable treasure that God is about to entrust to them. It then means years of training to prepare these little lives for the service and toil of the years to come. To these little lives themselves it means study, struggle, disappointment and aspiration in order to reach the goals and heights that have been held out before them.

Prepare! It should be a clarion call. Not only to the muscles but to the mind and the spirit. It might well be a motto to the individual, the family, the town, state, nation, even the great human race. Prepare for the generations to come!

But to what sad uses has the word been put, for now when it is heard on almost every lip it means: Get ready for the grim, sordid and cruel business of death! To many it only means

to gird up the loins and go forth to slay those whom God has commanded us to love as we love ourselves. It means to take the money that we need so sorely for the education and alleviation of our people; for churches, for charity, for art, for spreading the Gospel of love: it means taking these moneys and using them for making implements of death and destruction.

Instead of preparing our bodies for the uses of peace and industry and of service, it means training our eyes to aim surely, our muscles to strike accurately and strive strongly; all that we may crush and overcome those whom we should aid and assist. It means to take our minds from the paths of peace, from the works of service, from the combat against pain and disease and too early death, from the inventions that produce and build up and lengthen beautiful life—and to turn these noble powers into laboratories that will breed pain and increase death. It means to turn the soul from prayer and exercise, from faith, hope and love into the channels of pessimism, despair, fear and hatred.

Two thousand years ago a gentle and peaceful spirit visited this earth. He came of humble parentage, of an obscure and subject province of the great Roman Empire—so primitive was the little hamlet that it is recorded that they asked, "if any good thing could come out of Nazareth." For three short years, he went

about in that subjugated province of the Roman Empire, preaching the gospel of life and service, and of sacrifice and the establishment of a kingdom of righteousness by the powers of the mind and spirit. He was eminently peaceful and preached the new doctrine of non-resistance. He himself never put pen to paper, yet the words of no one who has ever appeared upon this earth have been treasured, so widely, so universally and so continuously as his. In only one single instance did He give vent to anger and added to the flame of indignation in his eyes and He drove from the Temple the multitude of money changers. This was no example of force, save the force of righteousness outraged. Could any one with a small cord drive from the national capital the powers of wealth, of greed and of avarice? Not unless they had the personality and the righteous indignation that conquers the spirit and mind in spite of themselves. In every other instance of His life, Christ gave the example of turning the other cheek, as he expressly told all his followers to do. He showed by His life that He loved His enemies, prayed for those that hated him and He has been accepted by a large part of the world as the Savior of the human race. And as in truth the Son of God today, He is worshipped as the Man of Peace in thousands and thousands of churches and in many lands. Yet we hear throughout our land that maintains

that it is a Christian land, the ringing words, "prepare for war!"

Is it not time for the inhabitants of Christian lands to stop in their mad career of carnage and death, of pain and want and woe that they have brought upon themselves and ask "Whither are we going?" What are we trying to accomplish and how long are we going to say one thing and do another? Is it not time for the Christian world to declare whether we really are brothers and whether all our fellow men are brothers? Do we really believe in Christ's words? Do we believe in the Ten Commandments? One of them stands out pre-eminently, the commandment which Christ himself reiterated: "Thou shalt not kill." Can Christians still subscribe to these words and not bend every effort for peace? "God maketh the rain fall on the just and the unjust the sun to shine." And just as in the medical so it is in the spiritual world, while there is life there is hope, and how often have we seen the stone that was rejected become the head of the corner? Is it not time for the world to ask what is righteousness? What is justice? What is reason? What is love? How can we get the most out of life? Life to the individual seems to be everything. It is more than the world. Life is almost like God, in whom Paul said "we live and have our being in that it contains everything else." To give it is the greatest thing

in the world and to take it is the greatest crime. These things are said to be dreams; we are told that we are indulging in illusions; that we are sentimental; that we are beautiful in theory but woefully impractical. Is it not time for us to ask if this can be? Mankind has wandered long enough in the morass of falsehood and of error.

Can anything be beautiful and true in theory and yet be wrong in practice? Theory is but the spiritual and intellectual expression of a physical rule. If our theory proves true and yet our practice falls short, have we not practiced incorrectly? Have we not missed something in our aim? It is false, not to say hypocritical for us to cherish theories, sentiments, or illusions when we cannot live by them. Either we ought to come out frankly and say, "the Christian doctrine forbidding murder, forgiving one's enemies and doing good unto them, is wrong," or else we ought to attempt at least to practice the easiest and perhaps the most important part of that teaching. Namely, we ought to obey at the behest, "Thou shalt not kill."

It tends to bring about a lack of intellectual and moral stability to teach generations of children the golden rule and at the same time teach them patriotism. For patriotism is one of the greatest and first virtues, which implies that a man shall be ready to go out and commit for the state that which it holds to be the greatest crime

of all. Thus has patriotism, the first and greatest virtue toward the state, been made the vehicle for crime.

To accomplish international peace:

I We must learn to understand other nations by acquiring the knowledge of their tongues and customs.

II Teach patriotism and love between nations, to children.

III Cultivate friendship with foreign people so as to make war an obstacle.

IV Appreciate the advanced, most enlightened nations of our existence.

V Think of God, who loves all people regardless of race, color, creed or sex, and sink the Commandments deep into the heart so that the word "war" should bring evil visions of the past.

We will never have a real civilization until international peace is established—a United States of the World—and until man has reached the highest development.

We want men and women to be companions, colleagues, and to go through life shoulder to shoulder, hand in hand, heart to heart, in peace and undisturbed. We do not want war to take our best without a word. We do not want to leave degenerates, paupers, drunkards underfed and feeble minded—who are not fit to be parents—and have them breed and multiply. That is

why we want arbitration. Put out the flames, because it is the women who suffer when their children are killed on the battlefield, or the gallows, or become degenerates, or go into asylums, or are taken to the electric chair, or sent to prison. Oh! It is the mother that I am feeling for. After all, it is she and the home that suffer the most; these are wrecked by war.

Let us work together, no matter what race, color, creed or sex, because it is the mission of the ideal man and woman to make the whole world a home and begin a real civilization and end war."

If you feel that you are in a country whose principles are against your convictions, why don't you come back?

Sincerely,

KITTY.

November, 1914.

Dearest Little Girl:

How sad I am tonight, when I think back and realize how happy I was in Massachusetts and in New York. Why did I choose this slaughter land for my finishing education? Why did I leave the land of the free and the home of the oppressed? Why did not Fate lead me to a place where I would not be made a man without a country? Such is my sorrow!

Germany, cold-bloodedly and absolutely intentionally, is at war. The country has been preparing and is prepared for a number of years' conquest. When the heir to the Austrian throne was murdered in the capital of Bosnia by an Austrian subject of Serb race, it seemed that the country became enraged and the spark of fire developed to so great a degree that everything began to burn. The family countries began the fight. All the young men were immediately taken in arms and here am I, an American citizen, forced to fight for a land that I despise, I detest, I hate.

How disappointing the German people are! I did love them, but they are such a lot of underhanded sneaks that they are really repulsive to me.

I can foresee that the one-man-power of the world will take in the whole world in this awful conflict. Oh, Kitty! I can see dear, beloved America—I don't want to think of it—you—you—are my very soul, in all. I want to defend you from those merciless, outrageous, villainous scoundrels. Whether you care or do not, I feel that you are suppressing that divine, spiritual interest which God has never intended to be neglected. I want to see you safe. If you only knew how I was thrust out of my college course, and hurled into an army of men to fight for the

wrong, my blood boiled at the very suggestion of slaughtering the innocent women and children.

Europe is cursed. I was more convinced of that than of anything else in life, that raid will extend farther than Belgium. The poor, innocent mothers, the daughters, the wives, helpless babies, even the innocent men were criminally invaded and tortured. Oh, Kitty, in your thoughts only, did I find consolation for my tired eyes, aching heart and weary soul! In the imagination of your outstretched hand extended to me, I can hear you say, "Think pleasant thoughts and be a cheerful pessimist."

Thanks, dear, I feel contented. Poor, worn-out Belgium! Think what war would mean if Belgium would have accepted compensation through allowing the German force to pass!

King Albert refused flatly the suggestion offered by Germany and with all his might and strength repulsed Germany's army from passing through, but in vain.

Germany *must* lose. It must be crushed to the very foundation of a new beginning. The least victory would reflect cruelty, despotism and intolerance. Her victory would pass her through Belgium, through France, through England, into the States! Never, never must she win, not even the least victory. We must have no murder and as soon as the first opportunity presents itself, this German outfit upon me will be ground

to the earth, and although the ambassador informed me of my terrible predicament, I feel my heart is with America. I cannot write when I choose as I am in a damnified service. My parents, who kept me in ignorance as to my birth and citizenship are guilty of treason. Why did they not inform me that they were citizens of Germany and that I was born in this wretched country?

You surely are remarking that my heart was with Germany and that I loved everything Germanic! The psychology of the human mind explains that attitude. When I learned that I was never naturalized and that my parents deceived me as to my birth, I should have felt like the man from nowhere and the man without a country. Such are the mistakes of parents.

Tomorrow I shall be placed on the Holland frontier and my move from that section will decide my fate. If I am successful, thank God! If otherwise, dear Kitty, know and feel safe that my spirit will prove my devotion in remaining with you during the great crisis and keep you from harm. If you do not hear from me again, realize I am in a critical and dangerous condition.

I love you only and only you, Kitty, my inspiration, and even if you can't reciprocate, just feel interested in me.

Devotedly,

BILL.

November, 1916.

Our American people are beginning to feel restless. To fight or not to fight is the question. Our boys are beginning to flock to the Canadian shores to see action, to crush the serpent that is threatening democracy; to prove that no neutrality can exist in the hearts of intelligently thinking people. Peace propaganda, preparedness campaigns, parades expressing the pro and con of the existing conditions stimulating excitement and just making the people think. Awake! Fight! Sleep! Don't fight! Now or later, Germany is going to fight the United States! We have seen German officials in our own land convicted for organizing armed forces against Great Britain and Canada; we have seen them organize strikes to interfere with our business; we have seen them using money in enormous quantities to establish and subsidize publications, and to nurture an anti-American spirit in the United States and in Mexico; we have seen them deliberately undertake to foster loyalty of German-born citizens in the United States to Germany, and all over the United States to establish socie-

ties to maintain the German language and traditions; we have heard German-Americans who have refused to become Germans in this sense, but have remained loyal to their true citizenship, called outlaws and ingrates; we have seen the effort made, through the visit of Prince Henry and all sorts of flattery, to make us feel that the German nation was superior to the American nation. We have seen this anti-American propaganda pushed by representatives of the German government and we have actually seen a law passed by the German Reichstag which makes possible two things: first, that a man of German birth can be naturalized without living in Germany and, second, that a German who takes the oath of allegiance to another nation may retain his citizenship in Germany.

We have seen our conception of national power assailed in more than general ways. It was the German ambassador who sent forth the notice that our citizens should not sail on the *Lusitania*, except at their own peril; it was the Germans, if not the German government, who issued a medal celebrating the sinking of the *Lusitania*—a medal fit to be preserved in hell with the medal celebrating the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; we have seen mines and submarines sent to sea so that no nation can send a vessel to Europe without the danger of having it blown up. It is true that Germany said that

she would leave a little crack through which American ships might go once a week, if they sent notice beforehand and became subject to German regulations. We have seen our ships sunk and our citizens drowned. We have seen promises broken, and our nation threatened with foreign war, stirred up by German officials and official letters.

It is the flouting of our sovereignty as a nation which has brought war upon us. For over two years we turned our cheek, and then another cheek, writing a note each time, until after three last assaults we came to realize that war had indeed been waged against us, despite our over-sensitive neutrality. We did not enter into the war. War was thrust upon us in bloody and arrogant denial of our right as a nation of citizens to govern our own affairs.

Yet, there are some people who are still arguing whether we ought to go to war! There is something worse than war: the destruction of those institutions and that nationality which embody our conception of a state that is composed of free, self-governing citizens. When a man questions whether we ought to protect democracy by war, I reply that whoever cannot see a duty to protect ourselves from this assault upon our national life, and our effort to maintain a nation with sovereignty expressing the ideals of democracy and based upon universal citizenship, is

either a myopic idealist, plain stupid, or pro-German.

Dear France! Helpless Belgium! Germany had no special enmity against these nations. Our position! Oh, God forbid Germany from crushing democracy!

January, 1917.

Dear Billy:

The letters I have written to you were returned to me. What has happened? This letter must reach you. It must. You must know. With anxiety, the whole country is awaiting the verdict of Congress as to our entry into war. Our first congresswoman is in the spotlight, because we are waiting to hear her vote and get the woman's standpoint. True, she is a noble character, true, she is representing the women's voice, and true, she must take conditions as they are and not as we want them to be.

If we are to allow the hideous monstrosities to prevail and allow Germany to sink our ships and our men, women and children with no warning, if we are to allow the German empire to gain acquisition and domineer the whole world, if we are to permit the savage and ruthless invasion of gallant little Belgium by the flower of the kaiser's army, if we can stand back and see Belgian women and children slaughtered by dis-

honor, if we are to maintain that "peace must exist at any price," we will have peace, but what a "rotten" democracy—selfish and uncivilized lot of people will we be.

True, war is the genius of evil, it is a history of authorized theft and slaughter upon land and sea. It is fun for murderers and pirates; it is a license for one body of people to privateer another body of people. It is a foul conscience to kill and allow the robbing of merchantmen, to sink ships regardless of innocent women and children. The evil power of war amuses annihilation of commerce and exchange. The nervous system is always up at ends in a state of siege where law is suspended and force is imposing ransoms.

This country has been crying for preparedness ever since our first symptoms of trouble with Mexico were obvious. Although we say we would never wage a war of aggression, yet we must defend not only our people and property, but something far greater and that is, HUMANITY. The Spanish War was started by us after Spain had given in on practically every important point, started because the Jingoese appeared to have the upper hand; started ostensibly for the sake of outraged humanity; and turned into a war not only of conquest and aggression but of an attempted subjugation of a people who asked independence.

Dear friend, I cannot feel as you do, as you are a pacifist regardless of existing conditions. I know, every person at heart is but in order to erect one large building such as the Woolworth, we must throw down many small ones to build a solid foundation, to establish a permanent peace, we must throw down every obstacle to PEACE, and see prevailing before us for the future an undisturbed peace. WE must declare war. We must by arms defend our country's ideals, its rights and lives of our citizens, the hour is here when we must take our part in the world struggle for liberty and justice and humanity, against the ruthless aggression of the Imperial German government. We must show our determination that in so far as in us lies, the honor and faith of the Nation shall be redeemed, that we must pledge ourselves to subordinate every interest, to make every sacrifice, so that we may secure that triumph of righteousness over tyranny purchased by the lives of our ancestors; that triumph for which our brothers across the sea are dying today, every fair-minded and good American citizen should urge Congress with full power to support the Allies, who until now were keeping the enemy away from our shores.

Personally, I believe that the legislature should provide for universal compulsory military training and services under Federal control. You see, every young man of the prescribed military

age should take such training because it would fit him up physically for his future life, and also would be ready in case of emergency.

After reading the message of the president who was so great in times of peace and remarkable a great war president, the heart of the whole nation is turned to one concentrated point. That one thought is SACRIFICE. In 1776 we fought for liberty and independence, against a German King seated on an English throne and today as much as we tried to divert it, the German Prussianism pressed so hard that now we can't be crushed to the wall. We must strike back. Men and women in the past have fought and sacrificed the last drops of blood in their bodies to make this country a free place for you, for me, for all of us to live in. It is now our duty to do something for the future generation so as to make certain the free land of our country.

I am sending you the president's speech. That will give you my reasons for wanting war.

PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION OF WAR.

President Wilson's Famous Address at the Opening
of the War Congress, April 2, 1917.

Gentlemen of the Congress:

I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious choices

of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it is neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the third of February last, I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcements of the Imperial German government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe or any of the ports controlled by any of the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean. That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the year, but since April of last year the Imperial German government had somewhat restrained the commanders of the undersea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger boats should not be sunk and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy, when no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats. The precautions taken were meagre and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed. The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand, have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents. Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to those sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, though the latter was provided with safe conduct through the proscribed areas by the German government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identify, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

I was for a little while unable to believe that such

things would in fact be done by any government that had hitherto subscribed to the humane practices of civilized nations. International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the sea, where no nation had right of domination and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded. The minimum of right the German government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these which it is impossible to employ as it is employing them without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world. I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and as serious as that is, but only the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of non-combatants, men, women and children, engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot. The present German submarine warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind.

It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of, but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the water in the same way. There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of council and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feelings away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation,

but only the vindication of right—of human right—of which we are only a single champion

When I addressed the Congress on the twenty-sixth of February last, I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights, with arms; our right to use the seas against unlawful interference; our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence. But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines are now in effect outlaws when used as the German submarines have been used against merchant shipping, it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible crafts giving chase upon the open sea. It is common prudence in such circumstances, grim necessity indeed, to endeavor to destroy them before they have shown their own intentions. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all. The German government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defence of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend. The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be. Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best; in such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions it is worse than ineffectual; it is likely only to produce what it was meant to prevent; it is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents. There is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making; we will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are no common wrongs; they cut to the roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in

unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German government to be in fact nothing less than war against the government and the people of the United States; that it formally accepted the status of belligerent which has been thrust upon it; and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thorough state of defense but also to exert all its powers and employ all its resources to bring the government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practicable co-operation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to those governments of the more liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may so far as possible be added to theirs. It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemies' submarines. It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States already provided for by law in case of war of at least five hundred thousand men, who should, in my opinion be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training. It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well conceived taxation.

I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation, because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits which will now be necessary, entirely on borrowed money. It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people so far as we may, against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished, we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty, for it will be a very practical duty, of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there

I shall take the liberty of suggesting, through the several executive departments of the Government, for the consideration of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed, after very careful thought, by the branch of the Government upon which the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear and make very clear to all the world what our motives and objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the nation has been altered or clouded by them. I have exactly the same things in mind now that I had in mind when I addressed the Senate on the twenty-second of January, last; the same that I had in mind when I addressed the Congress on the third of February and on the twenty-sixth of February. Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principals of peace and justice in the life of the world, as against selfish and autocratic power, and self-governed people of the world such as a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth ensure the observance of those principles. Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its people, and the menace of that peace and freedom lies in the existence of auto-

cratic governments backed by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances. We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

We have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval. It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when people were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools. Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked out only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions. Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away, and plotting of inner circles who could plan what they would and render account to no one, would be a corrup-

tion seated at its very heart. Only free people can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interests of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia? Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always, in fact, democratic at heart, in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude toward life. The autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it had stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, character or purpose; and now it has been shaken off and the great generous Russian people have been added, in all their native majesty and might, to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice and for peace. Here is a fit partner for a League of Honor.

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend, is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of council, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce. Indeed, it is evident that its spies were here even before the war began, and it is checking these things and trying to extirpate proved in our courts of justice, that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country, have been carried on at the instigation, with the support and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States. Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them, we have sought the

most generous interpretation possible upon them, because we knew that the source lay not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were), but only in the selfish design of a Government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that the Government entertains no real friendship for us and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors, the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we know that in such a government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic government of the world. We are now about to accept gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the whole facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its people, the German people included; for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundation of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no domination. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and with-

out selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free people, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion, and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our rights and honor. The Austro-Hungarian Government has, indeed, avowed its unqualified endorsement and acceptance of the reckless and lawless submarine warfare adopted now without disguise, by the Imperial German Government, and it has, therefore, not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, an ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but the Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and, I take the liberty for the present, at least, of postponing a discussion of our relation with the authorities at Vienna. We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness, because we act without animus, not in enmity towards a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and right and is running amuck. We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people and shall desire nothing so much as the early reestablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present Government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise

have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and action toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it towards all who are in fact, loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They may be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with from a firm hand and stern repression; but if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few. It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to the authority to have a voice in its own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal domination of right by such a concert of free people as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and peace, which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

When you say that war never accomplishes

any good, let me tell you right here that every war has ended favoring the right. It is a fight between an innocent body of people against another innocent body of people, but principle will always be the object, and according to the verdict of God, the righteous shall win.

With best thoughts, I am,

KITTY.

March, 1917.

The inspiration of our souls is breathed in through the deeds of great men. Our nation's best have given us the source of our feelings in the present crisis. The great President of our country is on the fence, as to the routine to follow. As a great pacifist he has kept us out of war. As a loyal citizen he is trying to create neutrality, but as a humanitarian he is going to follow the example of our great leaders. The whole country is impatiently waiting for the decision of the President. The whole world is awaiting the verdict of the United States.

On the third of February, President Wilson addressed the joint session of Congress on the German submarine order and announced the breaking of diplomatic relations with Germany. The German ambassador was dismissed from our shores and our American ambassador left the country which authorized her people to cold-

bloodedly torpedo and sink our steamships without warning. President Wilson recommended armed neutrality and notified neutrals of the break with Germany and hoped that they might find it possible to take similar action.

Now that we have broken our relations, we must stand behind the president.

Some people are opposed to war on the ground that war is opposed to the teachings of Christianity. I would remind those gentle people, many of them undoubtedly of good intentions many of them so kind-hearted; that if a burglar entered their houses they would invite him into their library to discuss political economy, that the founder of Christianity was far from being a pacifist either in his life or methods. In the sermon on the mount he did not say, "Blessed are the peaceful," or "Blessed are the pacifists," but "Blessed are the peacemakers."

The whole history of the world shows that physical forces are often necessary to bring about peace. The policeman on our thoroughfares is not armed with a pistol or truncheon for the purpose of injuring people or persons or damaging property, but to assist him in his duty of maintaining order. America is in the present war for the purpose of being a peacemaker. This country has never been at war except with the purpose of bringing peace. In the war of 1776, we stood behind our first commander-in-

chief of the American army and we, by our own loyalty helped George Washington to become president of the first republic in the world.

Again we have a great character.

Whosoever hath faith in the progress of true humanity will commemorate the birth of the immortal emancipator, Lincoln. In a miserable hut, a one roomed cabin without floor or window, in a sterile and solitary part of the Kentucky wilderness; in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances that ever witnessed the advent of a hero into this world, a son was born on the twelfth day of February, 1809. This son was named Abraham—and from the squalor and wretchedness of that nativity, through years of toil and struggle and suffering, the heir to it all rose to be the Patriot, the Statesman, the President, the Liberator, Abraham Lincoln.

Who would ever have imagined that the new born babe crawling around the floorless hut would some day break the chain from a race in bondage and cause the bright sun of freedom to shine down upon the land made sad by slavery's cruel strife.

Lincoln realized the struggle that he had had and what was before him when he made his farewell address on leaving his Springfield home.

"My friends, one not in my situation can appreciate any feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and to the kindness of these

people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether I shall ever return, with a greater task before me than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being, who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting Him, who may go with me, and remain with you and be everywhere at the same time, let us confidently hope that all will be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

Thus Lincoln bid a pathetic farewell to his old-time friends and neighbors and then departed on the journey to Washington to take up the arduous duties of the great office to which he had been chosen by the people.

No man was called on to face so desperate and so disheartening a situation as that which confronted Lincoln when he became president, March 4th, 1861. His conciliatory and pathetic appeals had been unheeded by the South and her leaders were already preparing for war. The crisis was at hand and Lincoln threw his great heart and soul into renewed effort to avert it, but all in vain.

He climbed the ladder of renown and suc-

cess by his own indomitable purpose and honest intent. From the humble frontier home to the executive mansion, he reached the pinnacle of human fame.

It was good Friday, the 14th of April, 1865. He attended Ford's theatre that night. People were yet excited over the closing events of the Civil War. He was acclaimed by the audience and given a grand demonstration. Suddenly during the progress of the play there was a pistol shot and a shrill voice shouted: "Sic semper tyrannis," and Lincoln dropped in his chair, never to speak another word.

There was not a loyal family in the land that did not mourn. He left fame immortal, as solid as justice and as genuine as truth and under an appropriate monument his remains lie entombed at Springfield, Illinois. On his birthday a happy and united country do sacred honor to his memory. For Lincoln was surely a forerunner of civilization; he believed not in war except as a last resort.

This country has never been at war except with the purpose of bringing peace. In the War of 1861, under the guidance of that great peacemaker, Abraham Lincoln, we fought to bring peace to a troubled and divided nation and by successfully standing behind Abraham Lincoln we brought peace and honor, not only to ourselves, but to the people of the South,

besides bringing peace and freedom to the enslaved black man.

In 1898, as a nation, we stood behind the peacemaker, William McKinley, and as a result of the Spanish-American War we brought peace and happiness to an island which before was a clubhouse of tragedy and discord. More than that, we brought peace even to Spain, the nation we defeated. In all of these wars this nation stood behind its presidents, notwithstanding the cowardly opposition of thousands of pacifists at the time. History has vindicated the policies of Abraham Lincoln and William McKinley and our position as a nation stands secure in honor and peace, because of our loyalty to our president.

We should stand behind the president and if necessary sacrifice our lives and our property, because as Americans we believe that there are things in this world worth fighting for and dying for. There is a power which transcends reason, which rises above life itself, that is the power which the spirit of man possesses to pursue the ideal. Without that power life is infinitely contemptible, the purpose and end of human existence is a hieroglyphic written in mind. The power to pursue the ideal made the difference between George Washington and Benedict Arnold; between Abraham Lincoln and Aaron Burr; between the man whose only

regret is that he has but one life to give to his country and the man whose patriotism begins and ends with the dollar mark.

April, 1917.

Over two years and I haven't had a word from Billy! I wonder what has happened? The American heart is ever thus. We condemn, we find fault with our own, we love to tease; yet we would fire, we would kill if a foreigner dare underestimate the very things we pretend to ridicule.

Can Billy have been captured and killed? Have I been aroused in interest to really care, or is it a matter of natural curiosity? Time seemed to pass quickly and several of my other correspondents who have gone to help dear France have written me.

My Little Girl:

How powerful is love, so powerful that the whole being can be transformed in a day, an hour. God! it offers wonderful possibilities, it makes you see life with a bigger, greater understanding and so makes you more capable of carrying on God's wishes.

To love and be loved! Ah, that is the eternal question, but to love alone, how full of sadness. What hopeless despair assails the portal of one's heart. But it's better to love as they say, than never to have loved at all, and so in loving we have fulfilled one of our Master's ideas.

My love is bigger than myself and so it does not behoove me to say another word, but as I go my lonely way I'm sure that some time the dark places will be much brighter because I have loved you, and so I do have something to thank the Lord for.

I pray that some time God will make you understand, but were your love for me to cause you one minute's unhappiness I should say to God, banish love from her heart, for I am not selfish. And so I go my way, rejoicing that I have met you, my mate, and my faith in God remains the same.

Raymond.

Paris, France.

Mr. Dear Miss Kitty:

Fortunately, I know how to speak French enough to be understood. There are a number of American boys in camp and we try to be together as much as possible. After all, there is a clinging to the land of one's birth.

When I arrived here, I was very much surprised to see notices all over the City of Paris, I saw "Meviez vous des traitres." It was printed on placards in the subway, street cars, and all over. It looked as though it meant more than a dental advertisement put up by Colgate, or a dandruff cure. I knew the word "meviez vous des" but had to resort to the dictionary for the rest. Just as I thought, "Be careful of spys."

The expression did not annoy me at all because some of the French boys—real natives, told me that spys from Germany have been preparing for this war for many years. I really can't see anything more dispicable than knowing a German who mar-

ried a French girl and as soon as the war broke out, he turned against her land and betrayed her city's confidence. He knew all the important places in Paris. He knew where the money places were, where all the important papers were kept. He actually spied right along.

You may wonder how in the world I know, but you see as soon as the war broke out, he took a trip to Germany and saw the necessary men to affiliate with, then he came back and was rather unpleasant to the French people. Then the mail was looked after and as you undoubtedly know, a censor is established, and through this, his letters were found to contain secret codes. Think what one spy can do to damn a city.

The mail censor is a very interesting thing. The government has a bureau which is composed of men and women who are chosen through the highest references. They generally employ people who are known as loyal patriots and who under no suspicion can be spys. Somehow, Paris is just overcrowded with spies, and every man, woman and child is suspicious about his or her neighbor and every action is guarded so keenly. The least sign of suspicion is reported and immediately a detective is put on the trail of the accused. Generally, the foundations have been groundless, but the French are skeptical people during the war.

You can't blame them, because they are so close to Germany and feel that the very Frenchman who preaches patriotism is giving information to a compatriot of Germany.

Now go back to this mail censor. Every letter that arrives or goes out is opened, read, and sent. The letters that avoid inspection are generally the

small written correspondence letters. The very envelop shows that there is no secret message. All letters that have a business address in the upper left hand corner, and letters that are typewritten, or envelopes that are large, or writing that looks German script are opened at the censor bureau. You see, they must be careful because of past experiences.

I was very much interested in your question about mail that arrives from America. You see, France and America are friends. If we were not, do you suppose for one minute, that I would be here helping an enemy? There would not be one American fighting if it were not for the fact that we are friends. Yes, it is true that even American mail is opened. We should not be indignant at all. Sometimes we must be reasonable and regard the other man's situation.

France in opening letters from everywhere, offers no insult but is protecting her rights and is preventing information from slipping through. You see, if American letters were permitted to pass unnoticed, how easy it would be for a spy to send mail to America first, then to its destination.

Have you thought of that? You seem to wonder why I don't describe the battle field and tell you all the hardships. That is what the censor really tries to avoid. The government does not wish to spread news of her dead and wounded, and the terrible catastrophes because of the feelings of those at home, and perhaps some men might be reported dead when as a matter of fact they are not, and vice versa. We are ordered not to describe conditions and if a letter contains such information it is destroyed or returned to the sender. Of course

that is a little hard on the American. You would like to know everything that is taking place, and yet we have no right to tell you. Perhaps they adhere to this strict rule because some soldier unconsciously might give away valuable information. After all, the spys are very clever, and they can take one point and another point, and by the simple process, put two and two together.

I wonder if you are thinking of me and considering the offer I made you before I left. Tell me and make me the happiest man in the world.

Lou.

While Lou was a man of the greatest regard and perfect "catch" for some girl, I could not listen to his plea, so long as Billy was in the race.

Paris, France.

Mr. Dear Miss Kitty:

You seem to be under the impression that the soldiers are constantly in the trenches, doing nothing but killing all day long. No, on the contrary, we spend very little time in actual firing.

When the boys are awakened in the morning by bugle or by messenger (it depends upon the distance we are from the enemy) we drill, then get some nourishment, then go along the regular routine of warfare. We change off. There is no man here that will complain of overwork.

Your question asking me how we are physically capable to aim and fire all day long, then with little sleep resume the same course the next day, was

expected. Apparently, you, too, are under the impression under which many are erroneously laboring.

We are on the battle field very little. Each group has its chance. We have time for sociability, sing sometimes, and lead a natural life. Instead of fighting for possession as one man does over another in cities, we are fighting for principle. It is done in the regular business course of the day. There is no truth that men are fighting day and night. It is either day or night or not even that duration of time.

We are working in shifts, just as the subway guards in New York. When we are on duty, we must fight for breathing space and existence, no more than the people that are trying to rush home on the subway at six o'clock. I would rather be here in the open air leading a man's life and be told that I am fighting than be in the tunnels, actually fighting but refuse to admit it.

After all, what is life? We don't know what principle is right and if we are fighting we don't know for whom or for what. We are under strict discipline, and must obey. It seems to me you are right in saying that nature forces animosity in a man's heart just to create a disturbance so as to provoke the peace. If nature and not man is behind all this undesirable condition, why should we rebel against it? For economic reasons we must kill and do away with masses. It seems pitiless to regard the situation in this light, but we are taking facts not as they should be but as they are. True, everybody should be healthy, wealthy, and wise, and lead a long sweet life, just laden with love. That is a condition that should be, but is it? No, we must take actual existence as it is and treat it as such.

A soldier's thoughts reach out to his home, and dear ones, not only at the time of relaxation but even on the firing line. At the moment of action, a question arises in our minds—"why do we do this?" The voice of the commander awakens the animal instincts and with renewed efforts, we aim—aim straight—straight into the hearts of the enemy. We seldom miss, as we are disciplined in the strict test way. When we are at duty, nothing sympathetic enters our minds, we work and we are conscious, but there is a time during the day, strange to say, just when the sun sets and darkness is coming on, that the boys gather around the camp and few speak—all seem reticent, and think. We haven't any chairs that can give the back some support, we have only camp stools and these are given to the first come, first served. Other who come later are comfortable on the ground. Yes at that time of the day, pessimism seems to predominate. Some write at that time, as most of the soldiers keep dairies so as to be passed down to the family folds, or to those they love, or to posterity so that in some future time, a new feeling of duty and heroism might be inspired, in days to come when necessity arises.

You ask me in the last letter to tell you what my thoughts are at the time of the setting sun. I generally get away from the bunch and linger by myself. Sometimes I see a few others trying to be with their own thoughts. I see a man lying flat on his back stretched full length. He feels that is the best way to relax after a ten mile hike. Some men feel that if they chat or sing—generally the old folk songs that that is their recreation. Others feel that sleep would add a little contentment. Some smoke, and by their expression, I can see that their

thoughts are not on the battle field but miles and miles away. No man speaks about the battle field when he is relaxing.

My thoughts yesterday were of mother. I know how hard it must be for her. The call to arms did not give me a chance to see that she should be provided for. I wonder why the government does not take such cases in hand, and award each mother and wife, a pension to serve as an allowance until the men return, and if he does not live to come back, the pension should continue for her life. I was thinking of the many mothers, wives and sweet-hearts-that called to bid us goodbye at the regiments. I thought of the anxious faces, embraces, kisses, signs of affection, unselfish love, loyalty every display of encouragement and the suppressed emotions. I can see my mother holding me in her arms, close to her heart, I had my thoughts here then, but now my thoughts are home again.

I do wish that sunset would not have such a material effect upon us boys. After all, I feel that our manhood and strength are little compared to the natural influence that commands our destinies. Morning brings different thoughts entirely, and I dare say that we often think that absence make the heart grow fonder and gives people an insight into the good, and the realization that love and kindness will go further and yield more happiness than all the haughtiness and asperity that we can possibly assume. My thoughts are of you and I wish I could feel that yours are of me.

Your soldier boy,

Herbert.

And so, too, Herbert's letter was interesting, but meant no more.

My Dear Miss Kitty:

I am so sorry that conditions have really forced us into the war. What will our American boys do? I wonder how I can be transferred. The trouble with this whole thing is that we waited too long. The President certainly uses some good common horse sense, and gives wonderful speeches. His writings will go down in history as the finest proclamation ever declared. But action—action. What is the good of all that fine thought going to waste?

We don't get much American news here, but I read a little French and when the soldiers get together and speak about the "peaceful land," I generally stop my thought so as to get an earful. I heard on reading the President's address to Congress. How my blood did boil. I felt as though we are gradually beginning to throw aside our false pride and hypocritical democracy, and begin to see a real democracy.

I felt every word that the President uttered. I read his words myself.

"The world must be made safe for democracy; its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensations for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them."

My but those words are true and hit right to the core. I hope Congress will take a decided action and help the other countries to break down a

military power so as to make peace a securer and finer factor. We in the French trenches are watching and waiting, not to carry through the old expression that misery wants company. No, we feel that unity is strength. Germany must be spanked and made to feel ashamed of herself for many generations. This world war is to establish a principle. I am sure that the United States is one of the leading countries and should be congratulated for seeking a nation's honor under a new civilization.

That the public give a loyal manifestation of devotion of our beloved country and unqualified support to our President in every effort to protect our country and preserve inviolate her freedom and sovereignty, is my watch word and if I were a newspaper editor, really, I would enforce it, by constant preaching.

I don't see why we allowed ourselves to be jeopardized by another nation—Germany, the Imperial Government. They have not respected the right of the United States, and violated her submarine warfare pledge to the United States, and disrespected our rights on the high seas.

Why, my dear friend, we are the laughing stock all over Europe. We act as though we are afraid to get into any bad graces with that Imperial Government—Germany. They are no more than an animal bunch trying to show their strength. If America does not act, then Germany will, when the war is over.

You seem to think that England is trying to get us into the calamity, so as to reduce our progress and advancement in the commercial and civilized world. You seem to fear that England is trying to get an overhand by indirect undercover methods.

You seem to look askance upon our entry into the war, because you feel that England is working together with Japan, and after the European war, England and Japan with Mexico will destruct our well built nation.

I can't say anything about that as the censor will destroy my letter and it will never get to you. As it is, my news is one month late because of its distance, and time to get to you.

But I can say, that no matter what the motives of the other countries may be, for the present, we must regard the immediate future and prepare for the far off future. I feel that after this war, we won't want another for a century. No country will, not even those we have suspicion of. We must inaugurate our Peace Congress as soon as we give Germany her lesson and we must form resolutions that will be iron bound and not flexible.

We must tear down the barriers erected by prejudice and jealousy, and when one country acts against civilization, all countries must act regardless of the nation that suffered the immediate loss. We must all bear arms against the country that wants to use her surplus energy in that way. Would not Germany have had her lesson, if at the beginning of the war, all the nations would have stood firm against her and directed her to lay down her arms or be broken? We prided ourselves with keeping the peace, but how can we rejoice when people over in Europe are suffering and standing for indignities that is entirely unbecoming for a nation in this advanced era.

The men in the trenches feel that this war means a better and clearer understanding for the future. We are going to be more sympathetic with each

other and we are going to feel that might does not make right, but that knowledge is power and some day, we shall see prevailing in every discussion a spirit of harmony, co-operation, record, unity and love.

We soldiers feel that way towards each other. We love the French boys, as we understand each other and we feel that we have the same purpose at heart. But love between nations is not as individuals—after all each loves one. I love you.

Your devoted friend,

Frank.

On Board.

Dear Kitty:

I know you are interested in all of us boys, but as much as I tried to make you feel yourself not as a "big" sister, as you term yourself, but as the little girl devoted to me, only, I might say right here that I am yet going to win you.

Men have tried in their own way, catering to you. I am the cave-man you are so anxious to meet. You amuse me, when you say that you are the lion-hearted or the unconquerable. I'll prove to you that I am that mental cave-man.

Now I know what real fog-banks are. This morning, when I got up at four o'clock to take watch I couldn't see twenty feet in front of me and we were in a driving rain. I got into trouble, right off the bat. We had been ordered by the flagship to take "dipsey" soundings every thirty minutes. Several times I thought I saw a sub—but it was only a whale. Heard the S. O. S. signal from some vessel that gave its name in code, nothing more. As

she didn't send her position we couldn't do anything. A few minutes ago, we passed bits of wreckage and four life preservers.

Gosh! Some storm, wind, about two hundred miles an hour. Maybe she doesn't roll. Eating is surely a problem. The dishes will not stay on the table, and most of the time is spent dodging cups of coffee. It is an interesting game to divert food and drink down one's neck inside, instead of out, and eternal vigilance is the price of a stomachful, instead of a lapful. All but three of the crew have been sick. For three days we have had our meals standing up, hanging on by one hand to a stanchion or post and to a plate of sandwiches with the other. Tables and benches are useless. The storm is over and a streak of sunlight across the water appears like a silver road between the rippling waves. I compare it to you where I am concerned. Be my light and joy and know now as you will eventually that I am your hero.

Harry.

And Dick, bless his heart, was interested enough to send me a part of his diary and actually sent me the original diary.

June 14.—This ship is a small sized vessel and has been in use on trips to Jacksonville and back to New York. It holds about 1,100 men. They are located all over the ship and most of them are placed below water level. They come upon deck and it is crowded all day and everywhere. Can hardly get to my hospital. We stayed in the harbor all night and left the U. S. A. the next day.

June 16.—The ship has started to roll and to pitch

and I can see that the crowd is getting smaller. Of course I know the cause. I feel funny myself. The day is wonderfully clear and warm. All we can see are masses of water in every direction and exceptionally colored. The sun is at its "highest" and the scenery is wonderful. The other transports are in a line and the convoy is all around us. Witnessed my first sundown at sea. Pretty. It reminds me that we are but playthings on these powerful waters and I am trying to figure out how many a ship has met its Waterloo.

The silhouettes of the other transports were beautiful to look at. Cool breezes began to sweep over our decks. Our men were leaving the places of new wonders and went below to their berths. Everything is surrounded by absolute darkness. No one is allowed to smoke any more. The torpedo boat destroyers have taken their places on our right and left, the cruiser is leading us, manifestically guiding us through the dangers which it is supposed to see, hear and witness. The rules are observed with the utmost care. The orders of the commanders are carried out quickly and skillfully. The last signal reached every ship and most of the Sammies were in dreamland. Few of the officers were still roaming around. But they also disappeared and there was no one except the officer of the deck, the quartermaster who was steering with knowledge, the engineer way down in the ship, and those were the only three which had to care for the many on the ship. Of course the firemen, the coal passers, water-tenders, soldiers and sailors were on watches. The engines were pounding away with a steady motion and singing us to sleep. The waters are black

and every once in awhile I see the phosphorus particles glare up. Good night.

June 26.—The trip has been monotonous lately, although the weather was wonderfully warm. We are completing our trip and have been 12 days on water. It is funny to go to bed one night with hopes that you will see land the next day. All kinds of bets are going on and still nothing in sight. Our boys are longing to have some excitement. Nothing doing.

Hurray—the alarm sounded. Something has happened. The men are running on deck, commands are being given at every place, the men are taking their stations at life boats, the sailors are ready for any emergency, the guns are pointing out in the wide sea, and, there, a shot. It was from our ship. But unhappily missed its object and there, another one, from the Antilles. And that was some shot. The fragments of the monster just flew all over. The soldiers and everybody who saw it, from every ship as if told to do so, cries were heard, everybody yelling as loud as they could cheers for the men who shot the sub.

A torpedo boat was dispatched to locate some articles which would certify the submarine. But when they came back and reported that a whale was killed a general disappointment could be noticed. Anyway it proved that we were on the job and perhaps if some German sub commander peeped out and saw this little play he may have changed his mind. During the little time of excitement every soldier had his place assigned to him. They were calm and observed the strictest rules of obedience. We were in the war zone at this time perhaps one or two days ago. We were as ignorant of our loca-

tion as a new born. In the afternoon I played chess and lost 10, won 6. The evening is the best one we had. The sky is clear, the stars are bright and the moon is shining down on us with a full face. Tonight we must sleep with our clothes on.

Some do not take the trouble to go down to sleep they just spend their night on deck, and use the life preserver as pillows. Some started the rumor that we are reaching the place of our destination. By twelve o'clock we saw lights way off in the distance and I judged that perhaps we had about 20 knots to make. It was two o'clock in the morning and still no land. Everybody was awake until then but they all gave up hopes and retired at an early hour. I think it was about three o'clock—just the time when I tried to dream of Kitty. Good night.

June 27.—We are in France at last. Of course nobody knows the place or its location. We don't care as long as we get off. But it is not so. We are the last ones to go in the docks and it is almost noon. We have to go through the city and everybody is impatiently waiting for the sight of the town. We are pulled in by small French tugs. Gosh, there's a mob waiting to greet us. The streets at the docks called quay in French are crowded. Women, children and men of all classes are cheering and I can hear distinctly the *Vivi l'Amerique*. I am talking from the ship with a charming little chicken in my broken French. She is giving me her address and invites me to come to their house. Her mother is with her. The rest of the people are throwing apples, pears, cherries to us on the ship. The locks have been brought to a level with the sea and we are going further. The ropes are thrown overboard and we are tight up to the lock. No one

is allowed to go out or leave the ship without a pass and there's no pass. That was a clever thing from the commanding officer. Dinner was served but no one thought of eating. The band from the 18th Infantry came down and played for us from 7:00 p. m. to 8:00 p. m. We are still confined to the ship.

June 28.—The troops are ready to leave the ship. They are marching to a camp three miles out of town. At noon I had liberty and to town I went. It is a province place and must have been a nice city in times of peace. The population of this place is about 20,000 or 25,000. The women are dressed in black and I can see many Belgian refugees. The women are working and take the places left vacant by their husbands, brothers, etc. They ride bicycles here and all look very healthy. I think that comparing them with our office girls, these women are physically very strong. Some handle tough jobs. I located the girl's house after a little struggle and had to stay for dinner. They told me that their father is a doctor and with the French army in the trenches. He has been serving with them for three years. My knowledge of a little French is coming in handy.

There is something I want to say about how those fellows get along without knowing French. If they happen to be in a saloon called Caffee, they draw a picture of a glass filled with beer. Or they go to a barber they move their fingers across their hair and if they want to be shaved then they motion to their face. The French people are crazy about our cigarettes and even women enjoy them very much. The town is rather clean and the appearance is not bad. At 9 o'clock every soldier must be in camp.

Of course I have to be on ship, too. I went to another place during my stay and saw plenty of German and Austrian prisoners. Knowing German I spoke to a German officer and asked him what he thought of the American. He would not believe that America had sent troops to France, because he was under the impression that Germany would prevent us from coming over. Finally, I succeeded in telling him that Germany will know us a little better when we get started.

July 2.—On our way back to the U. S. A. Weather is still warm and favors us. Aeroplanes are scouting the air and waving us their "Bon Voyage." The Fourth of July was spent in the war zone and we was anxious to celebrate by getting a sub. The trip was lonesome because nothing serious has happened. The crew which consists of civilians and sailors were keeping their eyes on the waters. I also volunteered my services during the night hours. At last we were coming nearer to the Old Glory and when we saw our Statue of Liberty our hearts were overjoyed. The sailors and the crew were paid off the next day. Everybody who had a pass left for home except myself. I strolled around the City of New York getting acquainted with the city.

The trip was ended on the 13th day of July, 1917.

The boys across the sea, they say
Are very lonesome, quite;
But boys you see most every day.
Are lonesome every night.

You, see, nobody stops to think
Of just a common guy;

Of whether he may swim or sink,
Or groan, or smile, or sigh.

But he has sentimental spells,
The same as Soldier Sam;
He dreams of girls and wedding bells,
But don't know what they "am."

Once in a while he happens to
Meet some fair lass, by chance,
And, should she listen, hurries through
His first and last romance.

For him there is no little girl
Back home, of whom to dream;
He treasures up no little curl,
To kiss by candle-gleam.

He's just a "mutt" one of the race,
And somehow he gets by,
He wears a non-expressive face,
He'll neither curse nor cry.

But I believe these lonesome ones
Will yet rewarded be;
They're all our good God's well-loved sons,
And o'er that ancient sea.

Between this world and other lands,
There waits for each his own,
And through the groves of other lands
Stray in that joyous zone.

And it may be that centuries
Shall pass, ere this shall come—

Ere, on an evening's gentle breeze
Will sound the loves' soft hum.

As someone asks, "Do you love me?"
I answer, "Sweetheart, yes!"
And then a dream no more 'twill be,
But just delightfulness.

Yes, my dear, it is ever so,
Love will help to beat the foe;
So consent, and marry me,
So love and joy our lives will be.

Jarvis.

Oh, after all, I read the letters which they all sent me, Raymond, Lou, Herbert, Frank, Harry, Dick, Jarvis—fine men—wonderful men—yet one his letters, we are always disagreeing, always scrapping. He loves me, I am indifferent. Give me one of his letters—only Billy's.

But as the sun was setting one June day in 1917, and the whippoorwill added an accompaniment to my thoughts, my mood was receptive for anything serene and peaceful. War was raging in France, and America, too, was an ally.

And I, in England—in that great city of London—prepared to meet conditions and to give a helping hand to our Allied women.

Back of the English lines in France and Belgium, and at all the naval and military bases in England, the blue or khaki uniformed girl is becoming as accustomed a figure as the sol-

dier. And the first is as essential to the winning of the war as the second. The soldier goes into the trenches, or splashes with the artillery across the mud that is Northern France, but the girl—known everywhere the army is as the waac—stays behind the lines, keeps accounts for the ordnance cooks and decodes and answers the telephone, thereby releasing a man for the front.

The sun was sinking lower and lower and I thought that it is not enough to simply send a man to the front; but that we women must train ourselves to do a man's work, so that we can take a man's place in any calling—no matter how obscure or laborious. The waacs and wrens are doing just that, and have done it so successfully that the government is now recruiting women into their ranks at the rate of 10,000 a month for home and overseas service.

The soft summer breezes were gentle and soothing and I could no longer think of war—war—war. The vibrations of memory had a stronger sway over me and I could think of all my friends who have so loyally sacrificed good homes, positions, friends and all for democracy.

Above all, I am thinking of Billy. I have not heard from him since November, 1914, and it is over two years ago that he declared his undying devotion for me. I heard from him when he was in the German trenches, forced to fight for a monarch whose power was detrimental to the

development of humanity, and instrumental in the temporary fall of civilization.

My very conscience in all was disturbed and I could do nothing until I could get some information of Billy. Just why I thought of him and suddenly became so interested was manifested by my activities. My strong sense of justice, my earnest desire for the promotion of loyalty, my passion to break up a wrong, all led me to the pinnacle of trying to eradicate any danger for Billy.

We are not neutral—we can't be if we are human beings and worthy of being called Americans. We must not allow such downright actions on the part of an inferior lot of inhumans as the German people to disturb our peace and tranquility! Man must seek a man's rights under a man's flag. If we do not protect his life and property under our emblem, under what emblem would we expect protection? We must avenge the loss of innocent lives.

"But, Billy, how did you get to England?" I questioned. But the manly form lay mutilated in a state of unconsciousness.

The nurse, who was his only companion for three months, had very little to say, regarding his whereabouts.

"He is unconscious," she murmured, as she looked at me and wondered why I was interested.

"Yes, I see, and I feel sorry," I said, as I produced a card from my pocket. "Here, take this and leave it, please. I will call again."

The nurse, the healer of the wound, looked at the card and repeated, "Kitty, Kitty." As though she understood and read between the lines, she watched her ward.

I never felt so sad in my life as I summoned my chauffeur to hurry back to my castle. Why did I feel it so keenly? I felt responsible for his condition.

In a few days I was again at the hospital. He moved, he looked, he saw. He stared—he recognized me.

His brow folded up into a hundred fine wrinkles and his weak hand outstretched to take mine, as he tried to say something. With renewed effort he whispered, "Kitty, you have really come to me!"

What a predicament I was in! I knew that his condition caused me to be sympathetic, yet, regardless of all his commendable qualities, I did not love him.

"Kitty," he pleaded, "just lean toward me and let me kiss you."

"Kiss me?" I held the dear boy's hand and meditated, as his anxious eyes met mine. Here I stood at the bedside of a man who loved me and yet, as much as I wished to feel it, recipro-

cate, I could not. Would I be fair to myself or to him were I to yield to his demand?

"Do," he paused, "I love you."

Oh, heart! Oh, conscience! What should I do? The silent voice from regions unknown seemed to direct vibrations of advice—yea, make him happy, as love and kindness will go farther and yield more happiness than all the haughtiness and asperity that we could possibly assume.

At last I touched the very lips that repeatedly uttered his devotion to me.

"Do you care?" he asked, as he gathered his seemingly reserved energy and sat up in bed. His questioning countenance brought with it a new light. I understood, I felt, I conceded.

"Yes, Billy, I do care—and a great deal. My better self is prompting me to return love as I really accepted it."

Softly the time was passing. The nimbus clouds darkened by the natural atmosphere of an oncoming storm threatened the poor but bright circus clouds.

And thus was Billy a member of the Royal Flying Corps. While convalescing he told me of the sensations, the thrills and development of the aeroplane which is an advanced step towards the futherance of civilization is manifestly perfected. It is most remarkable to conceive of a 200-pound motor which requires the help of three men to lift and place in the plane,

to be elevated by power and inventive genius, and fly over the heights under absolute control.

The science of the machine itself is known and all it will ever accomplish will not be much more than the same appliances to an automobile on the earth. I mean that little improvements, such as more horsepower or less fuel, and larger machines for more passengers, new models for better convenience and little additions which better the ordinary handling of it. The machine in the air will meet the same criticisms and shall be perfected in due time.

The fact that our aviators are killed and no reason can be given, would compel the public to look into the matter and agree that the absent quality must be discovered. What is that factor unknown to us? It is the inevitable study of the conditions of the air which only civilization can decipher. If the machine is good and the aviator keen in connection with its very movements, then what can it be that sends the sky explorer down to his death?

Just as we have quicksand in the earth, and as little as scientists know the recognition of it and the solution to avoid it, so have we whirlpools in the air which civilization must teach us to control.

The currents in the air similar to the currents of the tide, invite the aviator to sail along with the sway of least resistance, which, fol-

lowed, will bring him to cross-paths of current, creating a vacuum, and causing the immediate estoppel of breath, thus killing the aviator before he loses control of the machine. The whirlpool is invariably responsible for the death of the aviators. The safest method is to grind the engine against the wind and that drawing current. People are under the impression that the machine is responsible for the sudden descent of the flyer. No, it is that vacuum in the air, and when mastered by a human being, then civilization is with us.

Could I possibly be the climax of a man's ambition? And Billy repeatedly told me of his hopes concerning me. So for many days did I come and comfort the dear boy, who found my presence assisted in his rapid recovery, and when he was entirely well told me of his many experiences.

"But how I escaped Germany was my greatest feat. First, let me tell you what a German prison camp is like. From a prisoner's viewpoint, it would be a matter of magnifying the smallest faults, but from the stand that I take I have not been captured, but compelled to serve.

"As long as prisoners remain orderly there is no particular brutality, no clubbing with guns or stabbing with bayonets. The food is insufficient, and the continued subsistence upon a German prison fare alone has most grievous

effects upon the health. Only the Red Cross and Y. M. C. A. supplies are keeping the prisoners alive at some confinement places. Brandenburg, where about 70,000 prisoners of Allied nations were kept, was the worst camp I encountered. This is in Prussia, not far from Berlin. Duelman, in Westphalia, was bad enough, although the treatment was better at Luebeck, which is not a camp, but a port, where prisoners work on the water front, and conditions were not bad at all.

"The German soldiers guarding the prisoners were far worse off there than the captives. Relief organizations keep the prisoners supplied with enough food and clothes to get along with, and the middle-aged guards, half starving and in patches, beg supplies from the captive enemies.

"The fellows at Luebeck are sick and disgusted with war. They would often say, 'Look at us, without enough to eat or wear! The Kaiser's no damned good! He's crazy! Germany's starving and licked, yet he keeps on fighting!'

"The camp consisted of a lot of low, wooden, unpainted shacks, with plain board floors. Around the walls ran bunks, one above another. Each bunk had a bag of straw for a mattress and two medium weight blankets. There were four of these shacks in each enclosure at Duel-

man. Each enclosure held about 1,000 prisoners, and had a 12-foot barbed wire fence around it, with the wire at the top bent inward so you couldn't get over.

How many of these enclosures there were, each with its four shacks, I don't know, but I was told there were 50,000 prisoners. Then there was another barbed wire fence, higher and thicker, on the outside of a roadway which ran around the entire camp. Every 200 feet around this barrier was a sentry box and a sentry. Inside of each smaller enclosure there were two armed guards, marching back and forth.

"The nationalities were all separated. The French prisoners were kept by themselves. They seemed to get the worst treatment. The Russians were by themselves and the Americans were kept with the English. Nobody got what you would call good treatment.

"For breakfast every morning we got a piece of bread an inch and a half thick and about four inches square and one tin cup of what they called coffee, but I'd call it good water spoiled. I don't know what they made it of, but it was rotten, bitter stuff and not even very hot.

"For dinner and supper we had the same thing every day—turnip soup, with mighty few turnips in it. We never had anything else. No meat, no potatoes, no bread, even, except at breakfast. You could take the turnip soup or

starve. It was just enough to keep you alive. Some of the fellows got so weak they'd have to be carried to the hospital. There they'd get nourishing food for a few days, but as soon as they were a little stronger they'd be sent out of the hospital. There wasn't much of what you'd call real suffering at Duelman, and the guards were decent enough, but it wasn't much of a life. The Duelman guards said they did not have to bow to the kaiser, only the Prussians did, and they said they had some sort of a ruler of their own in Westphalia.

"Later the captives of the Woevre were sent from Duelman to the notorious camp at Brandenburg, which is on the river, between Berlin and Magdeburg. Again they had an all-night trip without food and were crowded into narrow wooden benches in the worst sort of cars.

"Here we had Prussians for guards, and they were wicked devils. The camp was the same sort of a place as Duelman, with barbed wire inner enclosures, and then a roadway circling the whole camp and barred on the outside with wire. At Duelman a count would be taken only twice a day, but at Brandenburg they gave the count a dozen times. They were kept standing barefoot in the snow for hours until some major would come up and verify the final count. The Prussians hauled and shoved the prisoners

around like cattle, although not one was stabbed or struck who didn't deserve it.

"There was one big colonel in the outfit who stood nearly seven feet tall. He said that if a certain guard shoved him again he was going to slam him, gun or no gun. And he did. He caught that Fritz under the chin and knocked him twenty feet, and cold. Three other guards then beat up the big fellow with the butts of their guns and kicked most of his teeth out. Then he was taken away and put in a dark hole somewhere.

"At Brandenburg the same food was given. The strongest were made to work on farms outside the enclosure, clearing the ground for the spring planting, but got no better food than the rest.

"If we wanted to wash we would go down to the edge of the river—there was a barbed wire fence ten feet out from the shore—and scrub our clothes or ourselves in the ice-water. That was the only way. When some of the boys arrived at the camp they had pieces of soap in their possession, saved from their own ship, but I was so eager to get this, not having any soap of my own, that I would trade a whole loaf of bread for a little piece.

"Two American fellows, over whom I had watch, took a chance on escaping and dug a long tunnel leading to the outside and farthest wire

fence. My position was changed later and I was sorry not to have been there, as I really helped them. What happened to them after I left I don't know. I never heard of them again after the night I left.

"We nearly froze to death at Brandenburg. There were small stoves in the huts, but they didn't begin to warm them. The blankets—you could see through them! We were all covered with insects; had to have our clothes fumigated every two weeks, but in a couple of days we'd be as bad as ever.

"The only visitor I ever saw was the Dutch Ambassador, who came to look out for the interests of the Britishers. He wouldn't talk to the Americans at all. He promised to have things improved, but I never saw any improvement.

"I was about ready to take a desperate chance for escape when they asked for volunteers to work on the docks at Luebeck. They made the same offer to the prisoners and said that they would give them boots, better clothes and a mark a day for wages. The prisoners who thought it was better than Brandenburg volunteered.

"The clothes they gave were black uniforms with yellow stripe down the pants and a yellow band fitted into the sleeve with a number and

the word, 'Kriegsgefangeneⁿlager'—war prisoner—on them.

"They gave better foot-wear, but one was just as likely as not to get one boot and one shoe, or both of different sizes. When they half-soled a shoe they did it with the upper part of an old boot. They had scarcely any leather at all. Some wore wooden shoes to keep their feet off the ground.

"Every week a box of 'goodies' was sent to the prisoners by the Y. M. C. A. It had fruit, tea, bacon, cigars, and tobacco. The poor guards, although with loaded rifles, beg for food. Such are the conditions in Germany. Several times I tried to escape, but could not see my way clear. One prisoner was working in a shipyard distant from Luebeck, and managed to elude his guard at nightfall. He struck out overland, but his prison uniform revealed him and two days later he was captured and returned. For the offense of trying to escape he was given nineteen days in the 'black hole,' with only a piece of bread a day to eat. Also a big German guard 'took a couple of cracks' at his face.

"The Spanish Ambassador came to see the Americans and promised to send books and clothing, but I never saw any of them. They did begin to put a few potatoes into the turnip soup, and occasionally they put about five pounds of meat into the soup supply for three hundred men.

"One prisoner made up his mind to take another chance on a get-away. The ships they were loading were plying between Luebeck and Swedish ports, and I thought I might hide on one of these. They carried mostly salt fertilizer to Sweden, though sometimes some coal and coke, and they brought back pig-iron and ore. I never saw them bring in any foodstuffs. Sometimes the German ships would go out carrying barbed wire and iron rods for the trenches on the Russian front. Then went to Riga.

"There was one boat, the Undine, which traveled between Luebeck and a Swedish port named Norrkoping, regularly. One Swede, with whom I got acquainted, told me that one fellow had made his get-away to Norrkoping by concealing himself in the hold.

"Every morning the guard would get together an early working crew of twelve men at four o'clock. He would take them on board while it was dark, to get the hatches ready for the others. One morning one of the prisoners not in this squad hid himself in the hallway where they always lined up. The guard counted his twelve, and then in the darkness, this prisoner joined them. As they climbed aboard the Undine he didn't know he had thirteen, instead of twelve. He was a bone-headed German, anyhow.

"This prisoner arranged with his pal that he should go to a certain hold and hustle down the

ladder. Then he was to pull the tarpaulin over the top, to make it look as if it hadn't been disturbed. That afternoon the Undine sailed and I learned that the prisoner escaped.

"While in the capacity of guard I watched and learned. Every opportunity for an escape had my anxious attention.

"After I gained the confidence of my brutal superiors, I was detailed to stand watch on the frontier. The border line gave me an opportunity to get into Holland. There I met a friend from college, who listened to my story and promised to help me to escape and because I acted as—on sick leave I took advantage of my furlough, and with leaping heart, I bravely took the final step. Desertion or treason such as I practiced would mean death, should I have failed in my enterprise.

"Holland, a neutral country, has given me my opportunity to prove my conscience as a loyal American. My friend, who was a captain in the Royal Flying Corps, enrolled me in his service and immediately I felt myself a free American once again, although I was in a British uniform.

"——Bang—shot—shot—shot—bang—right into the heartless Hun—the boche.

"I fought my first battle, but was soon wounded, and thank God—you, my dear, came to see me to tell me you care. I felt that I was

going back to you some day, but as an American and never a German."

The days passed quietly on, but every now and then Billy would ask how I spent my time. The variety of work for a girl during warfare is so great that I have taken part in almost everything.

"You dear girl," he affectionately whispered, "you are bigger than you appear."

His very eyes made me feel a strange, dependent attitude, as he inquired as to my work for the army and navy.

"Yes, Billy, but this war is going to make America a place for Americans."

War is sad. I never thought we would live in this age, when anxiety for "his" return would be realization. Oh, mothers of the age, I fully appreciate. It is not your will, it is not your desire, it is not ambition to send mourning and misery into hearts of the mothers of boys we call our enemies. No, it is not your design, but sacrifice is the keynote. If we wish our country to be ruthlessly invaded by a power that is seeking dominion over the earth, let us keep back our sons, let us hold our boys to our own apron strings, let us maintain a new spirit of "I don't care." Women in the past, those we read about, had hearts, had imaginations, wanted quiet, undisturbed homes, but in 1776, they were suffering for us, although we may not realize it, they

were truly sending their boys to the battle field, not because they loved them less than we do our sons, not because their mother feelings were different than today, but the future of a free country where you and I and everybody who chose this country, is living and enjoying a freedom, worthy to be preserved for the next generation.

"Yes, I have been working for the Red Cross, knitting several scarfs, and look here is one—especially for you. A scarf with your initials on it. The days of our grandmothers have been revived. Knitting is still a woman's work even if there are some firemen and others, who during their leisure hours devote their time to that indoor sport.

"Then you know I have the distinction of possessing a medal, which was given to me for patriotic service. I procured over 10,000 recruits for the army and navy."

It was a difficult task, but the results and the amusements made it very enjoyable. It was in the summer, last July, when I spoke from the steps of the Public Library at 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue. After the facts were presented, I asked each man to feel that I was talking to him individually. The general attitude was sincere, as each man fixed his gaze upon me and looked up as though a word dare not be missed. I could tell that my audience wanted to be enlightened and directed as to what should be

done. After the heads nodded affirmatively in answer to my question, "Does the country need you?" I pointed my finger at one man and said, "Why don't YOU enlist?" He became the cynosure of all eyes. The good fellow, who was of the "stuff" that Uncle Sam wanted and needed and still needs, looked at me in amazement, and stood still. My hand outstretched and my finger directed at him was so unexpected that he stood motionless and simply stared. I repeated my question.

He asked, "Who, me?"

"Yes—YOU," I assured him.

Again he asked a question that made me feel that America must move quicker.

"YOU," I replied, and this time I was quite determined. Looking to the left and then to the right, and still pointing at himself as if I did not know who I meant, he quickly noticed that I was all sincerity; that I meant what I said. In the midst of the expectant audience

"Because each and every man who is a United States citizen and accepts every offering that the country can give, such as protection of life and property, should defend the country when her peace is threatened."

The men in my audience didn't seem to realize that I meant them individually. Somehow they appeared so unconcerned and indifferent, I felt that they thought they were simply on

the outside looking in. In the beginning, it was difficult to overcome the prejudices that our hyphenated-Americans had for the Allied countries. I actually had to use persuasion and pleading to make the people realize that the country is at war. Throughout my recruiting, I found it necessary to impress upon people that Americanism should be the keynote of every act and thought. When Germany was at war only with England, France and Italy, there may have been some Americans who sympathized with Germany. But now when our country is at war with Germany, there should be only one stand taken by every patriotic man and woman regardless of his or her racial ancestry. He, who is not with us, is against us. Each of us who call ourselves American citizens must choose either to be loyal citizens or traitors.

A woman, to be a successful recruiter must appeal to her listeners from a womanly standpoint. The more effeminate her appeal the more the heart-strings are pulled. It depends entirely upon her own effectiveness and powers whether she gets him to volunteer and gladly offer himself, or whether he is left to ask himself, "What's the use?"

Each man must be made to feel that he is the only one that can defend his country. I firmly believe he is. To defend is a man's job; to protect is a woman's duty. Man, in my

opinion, was and still is to be regarded as the defender and protector. That being the case, we women are now calling upon men, to protect our country in these critical times so that with the help of God and the right, our women may be spared the lot of the helpless innocent Belgium women. The ruthless and savage invasion of Belgium by the German army, disclosed to the whole world what we might suffer at the hands of German military domination. We should thank God that we are fighting abroad because in fighting "over there," we are saving our own beloved soil from being drenched with patriotic blood; we are saving our own American homes from the shot and shell of the Kaiser's hosts; we are saving our American women and children from death and dishonor which the Belgium women and children have experienced.

Women in recruiting appeal to men who want to join the colors that they must realize that they are needed now.

At one of my meetings I asked a man to enlist and he looked at me in such amazement that the very loyal fibres within me began to quiver and stimulate excitement. His lack of response yet his questioning countenance brought the same command, "ENLIST," and like a good many men I have met, who are actually stupid or pretend that they are, he looked at me and

questioned so seriously; "Enlist now with the war going on?"

Men must wake up and realize our present situation is like a contagious disease. You must go to the root of the evil and destroy every vestige of a single germ. We want men now and not when the war is over. We want decent, self-respecting honorable men to represent our country.

In recruiting, I emphasize the fact that each man should feel honor bound to volunteer his everything—his life for his country.

My next question to my audience is, "How many here have tried to enlist?"

Many hands would go up and after asking why they were not in uniform the answer would be "rejected."

So, I proceeded with the statement "Those who would, can't and those who could, won't."

Acceptance by Uncle Sam should be a badge of honor to every man. The reasons are two-fold:

First. A man who can pass the physical examination should be proud to know that he is physically perfect.

Second. That he should be asked to shield democracy, so that future generations might enjoy the freedom of liberty and preserve that sacred principle for which our forefathers fought to secure.

Should the artist be exempt from military duty? Every person would grant that the necessity of preserving a country, the art should be given first preference, as after all, what is it that determines the civilization of one nation and rates its significance accordingly? By artist, I mean the creators and original producers—painters, sculptors, architects, dramatists, musical composers—those who are doing original and creative work, not merely as artisans, or people who dabble in the art for amusements, but people who express the character of the nation's spirit and development, and whose work makes literally the history of any country's progress.

Should these men forsake their inspirations, lose ground among foreign competitors, render up their lives—their mere bodies, to the country's service along with the non-thinking undeveloped masses who are content to work in a department store basement year in and year out, or who at most are content to be street car conductors, or land shermen? Should they come under the common ruling of a nation's indiscriminate edict? Should the small wage earner, whose individuality and power of initiation has been submerged to the ringing in and out of the time clock, complain of these interpreters of humanity (as all creative artists are), when as a matter of fact, they should be taught to understand the balance of importance?

The artists should be protected, shielded, and guarded in every way for reconstructive and regenerative purposes. Since again, the works of these men are the pride and symbols of our nation's glory, and the beacon lights along the paths of history, should they not be regarded as individuals rather than be regarded as belonging to the masses who have nothing to give in time of peace than mere pretense, and nothing more to give in war than their mere bodies?

Of course, art is primarily the product of peace, as only plentiful and undisturbed conditions can produce expression of beauty and usefulness. Since most artistic expressions are worked out in solitude and quiet of study, the laws governing these individuals are often overlooked by the law makers in Congress, whose work always deals in generalities and majorities.

As a class, artists are the last to complain of an inappropriate or unconsidered legalities. They are generally the least demonstrative in public parades, mass meetings,—any public manifesto. Yet, artists are really concerned in their native country's welfare, though they are disregarded in many ways. Few artists resent because of their sensitive minds, they feel most keenly the sorrows of humanity. If artists are in their judgment, it is often towards the causes of humanity rather than the disturbances of political boundaries. Artists are often the most truly

democratic, the most truly "inclusive" in their point of view, for in their work necessarily, they are as spokesmen which pronounce the feelings of all mankind.

Their work often voices the cry of the down-trodden and shows the sham of the materially powerful and more often are their words significant of plans worked out for the solution of these economic problems. Nothing exists today of the visible along the lines of beauty—parks, public buildings, dwelling, skyscrapers, subways, bridges, smokeless engines, the mapping out of road ways, and diagrams of landscape gardening, and uncountable things, that have not first been conceived by the visionary eye of the artist. The man who paves the way deserves credit, and instead of looking upon the artists as upon a hampered class, they should be regarded the forerunners in actual achievement.

The artist is the man who stands at the prow of the ship of state pointing ever to the undiscovered zones of progress. It is he who sees the poetic and picturesque of our own errors and degradations. It is he who weaves the laurels of realizations.

The artists should be regarded as individuals and not as a class. They are the ones whose private pursuits should be respected and be exempt from pertinent inquiry and curious investigation. Of course there is difficulty in de-

termining who is adding materially to the uplift of a nation and who it is who is working commercially for only personal ends. This determining factor would have to be submitted to authorities selected perhaps from leading universities.

The class of artists is small compared to the vast amount of work they accomplish. Would we not be serving the country in another great way, if a law would provide exemption of their military services?

Billy was so interested that the very essence of mankind could not be restrained.

"And what about your other work?" His keen interest in my undertakings, his gentle guidance over every step that I took, had a material effect upon me.

I looked at him and continued in a way which might have appeared egotistical to anybody who had not his entire devotion upon me, upon my welfare, upon my work. At times he seemed so selfish and at other times so unselfish.

Blow bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying—
Autocracy is going; dying, dying, dying.

Every American citizen fit to look the Statue of Liberty in the face should buy a Liberty Bond. We must buy Liberty Bonds because we can not afford to have Germany triumph

over us, even in financial matters. For Germany to win against us financially, would mean for us to be defeated from a military point of view. If Germany wins in the present war, she could disarm the rest of Europe as a first move toward world dominion. With a disarmed Europe, Germany could collect sufficient shipping to carry across the Atlantic an overwhelming force, and could in spite of us, throw a great army upon our coasts and in a number of our great cities. Europe disarmed could no more help us than the natives of central Africa could.

Our country is at war, we must realize the conditions even if we do not see bullets and bombs flying around. It seems like "olden times" but yet, when we look back, it is not so long ago that we fought for liberty and independence; it is not long since we fought for a principle so as to break the chain from a race in bondage and cause the bright sun of freedom to shine down upon the land made dark by slavery's cruel strife. The followers of our George Washington and Abraham Lincoln are here to-day following in the footsteps of our present leader Woodrow Wilson.

Loyalty is the keynote of Americanism. The brave boys who are ever ready to sacrifice their bodies to the very last drop of blood are doing their "bit." Our self-sacrificing women con-

nected with the Red Cross and those in the work of service are to be commended for their earnestness. There are a class of people, however, who are not in a position to give themselves up in the combined personal service. As Americans, who are enjoying the country's opportunities these people can help by lending money to the Government.

Our soldiers and sailors are the protectors of our country in time of war. They need food, so as to keep energy burning and the better they are fed, the safer it is for us; they need clothing, to serve their useful purposes, they need medical attention when they sacrifice their bodies so that the future of this country shall live, they need comforts and other things, and the Government must pay. Bandages, absorbent cotton, disinfectants, drugs, medicines and all Red Cross appliances must be paid for by the Government which is made up by the people. The children of our great country must help in the time of a great calamity. We do not ask for donations, we want you to assist us by buying Liberty Bonds. The Government is fair and certainly trustworthy. We want you to invest your money in a bond, and when the war is drawing to an end, or later as the case may be, your money goes back to you with interest. Of course citizens will understand that now is the time. Do not delay. The United States is

your home, so protect it right with all your might. Don't stop to look, listen or read, but buy a Liberty Bond. Don't say, "let George do it," because George will do it for himself and not for you.

We are informed that the food situation in Germany is better than it was a year ago, because financially, Germany lives in a circle, and can go on a long time spending her own money among her own people. A victorious German army could, easier than the confident patriotism of most Americans think possible, take New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Chicago. It may surprise some of our citizens to learn that the German general staff has already prepared exhaustive plans in blue prints for the taking of these American cities, whenever German kultur and military necessities call for their capture.

We have no grievance against German people. Like the rest of mankind, we have been edified by the products of its good and great men and women, but we do not accept German culture at the exorbitant price placed upon it by those who are at present offering it as an excuse for murder and disaster. But the German people minus kaiserism are a very decent lot of humans. The spiritual life of a nation is of more importance than its culture, and spiritually, Germany is an extinct volcano.

The man who breaks into my house, kills a member of my family and robs me of my money, is a burglar, a murderer and a thief; and the criminology of these acts is none the less because they are perpetuated by a whole nation on a tremendous scale and against an entire community. Even the culture of a criminal or a band of criminals is not a sufficient excuse for crime. It is a mistake for the Germans or any other people to imagine that they have a monopoly of culture, civilization, or any other special advantage enjoyed by mankind. Every nation can justly boast of galaxy of good, wise, and talented men and women. It is a greater mistake for the Germans to attempt to inject their particular brand of culture by howitzers, or to attempt to drop it in bomb capsules from Zeppelins upon the English and French who are fully as cultivated as any other nation in Europe. At any rate Americans do not approve of culture by howitzers.

Some people seem to be under the impression that we are fighting England's war, but let me assure you that were it not for England's fleet, our Woolworth, Singer, Metropolitan and other skyscrapers would now be serving as a layer of sprinkled stones over the other ruined buildings and over the dead bodies of our men, women and children, including our able-bodied soldiers and sailors who were not given a chance

to defend themselves. Germany wants to control the world and gain her end by force and militarism, but never will democracy fall for the unscrupulous tyrant, the kaiser. We are in a just war and now are fighting the battle that England, France and their Allies were fighting for us.

Did you ever stop to realize that in 1776 we fought for liberty and independence against a German king seated on an English throne and today we are fighting a German king seated on a German throne who is seeking to deprive us of the rights won from George III.

The ruthless and savage invasion of Belgium showed the whole world what America or any other country would suffer at the hands of German soldiers. There are some people who are so clamorous to fight on our own soil. But now is the time to realize that we are sending an army abroad to save the soil of our beloved country from being drenched with patriot blood; to save our American homes from the shot and shell of the kaiser's hosts; to save our American women and children from death and dishonor suffered at the hands of a cruel and barbarous enemy.

When Germany's attention is called to the criminal invasion of Belgium, the wanton ruin of historic buildings and monuments of that country, the slaughter and violation of Belgian

women and children by the flower of the kaiser's army, what is Germany's defense? Simply this: that the Belgians were foolish to oppose the German advance and that it would have been easier for them to have accepted compensation and allowed the German invasion. The argument of ease and compensation appealed no more to King Albert and his people in 1914, than such arguments appealed to George Washington and the American Colonists in 1776.

There can be no attitude of compromise for an American today. He who is not for us, is against us. All of us who call ourselves American citizens must choose either to be loyal citizens or traitors. If you are English, your duty is now with the English people. If you are French, your duty is in France. If you are Italian, your duty is to help Italy. If you are an American, your duty is here to help. You must fight or you must help finance the Government to win. If your heart is with Germany, you have no right here so get out of the country and take your place with the Huns, the tyrants, the kaiser.

If you are an American, do your "bit." Now—enlist in the service or buy a Liberty Bond.

Democracy will have to live

Money is needed, so GIVE.

"Beautifully done," and so he kissed me, as

a reward for my work, and I dare say I wanted no other.

“As a member of the Royal Flying Squad, as a German by birth, as a prisoner in the enemy’s camp, as a lover of the American’s land, I want to accomplish one more ambition. I want to be a hero of an American heart.”

Nothing could have affected me more than to have seen the huge, manly man burst forth into tears.

“Yes, forever shall wave over land and sea,
The flag of our country, thank God we are free
Let all foreign nations, respect it forever.
To guard, and protect, will be our endeavor.
In peace and in war, the grand red, white and blue
With its stars and its stripes will ever be true
And the Star Spangled Banner is here to stay
Till the trumpet sounds on the great judgment day.
Our Army and Navy, united as one
Stand shoulder to shoulder, with rifle and gun
We must honor our flag, with its increasing stars
Each gains for our country a million hurrahs.
Honest Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of all
Still lives in our hearts, we can all hear his call
To the land of your freedom be faithful and true
Blending men of all nations, with the red, white and
blue.

That’s the story of hell and war with the Spirit
of ’76.

Again brought out in ’64—in freedom’s cause we’ll
mix

And then again in '98—the call “Remember the Maine.”

Which brought the boys from every state—with
honor they thrashed old Spain.

And today—1918—

Our boys are “Over There”

Such sights will never more be seen

While our Flag floats in the air.

Forever shall wave over land and sea,

The Flag of our Country and sweet liberty.

To guard and protect will be our endeavor

With its Stars and Stripes it will ever be true.

God bless you and keep you my Red, White and
Blue.

And the Star Spangled Banner is here to stay.

'Till the trumpet sounds on the great judgment day.

In '76 the Spirit was started

What God joins together can never be parted,

So stand up with pride with your head held up high

And shout for Old Glory I'm willing to die.

So, my stay in England was most pleasant, because I had the scales in front of me. War and misery balanced down the side and pulled with it every bit of happiness. When a new joy placed Billy on the other side, what a change! What an overwhelming difference! Happiness in one made me forget the troubles of thousands. Thus it is with the human heart. A little personal joy will offset the misery of millions of people.

Off for America. And this boy, whose

strength of character was marked by the magnificent form, stood six feet tall, clear-cut features, black hair, and with that admirable determined chin, was my constant companion on the huge steamer.

He joined the American troops as a private. He was earnest and sincere and promotion followed quickly. "Down with the Kaiser" being the chief slogan and Billy was at the head of his command as a commissioned officer. Step by step my persistent admirer earned his place in military circles, and degree by degree he won promotion in my affections and esteem.

THE KID HAS GONE TO THE COLORS.

The kid has gone to the colors
And we don't know what to say.
The kid we loved and cuddled
Stepped out for the flag today.

We always thought him a child—a baby
With never a care at all,
But his country called him man-sized
And the kid has heard the call.

He paused to watch the recruiting,
Where fired by fife and drum—
He bowed his head to Old Glory
And thought that it whispered "come."

The kid, who was never a slacker,
Stepped forth with patriot joy
To add his name to the roster,
Oh God, we're proud of the boy.

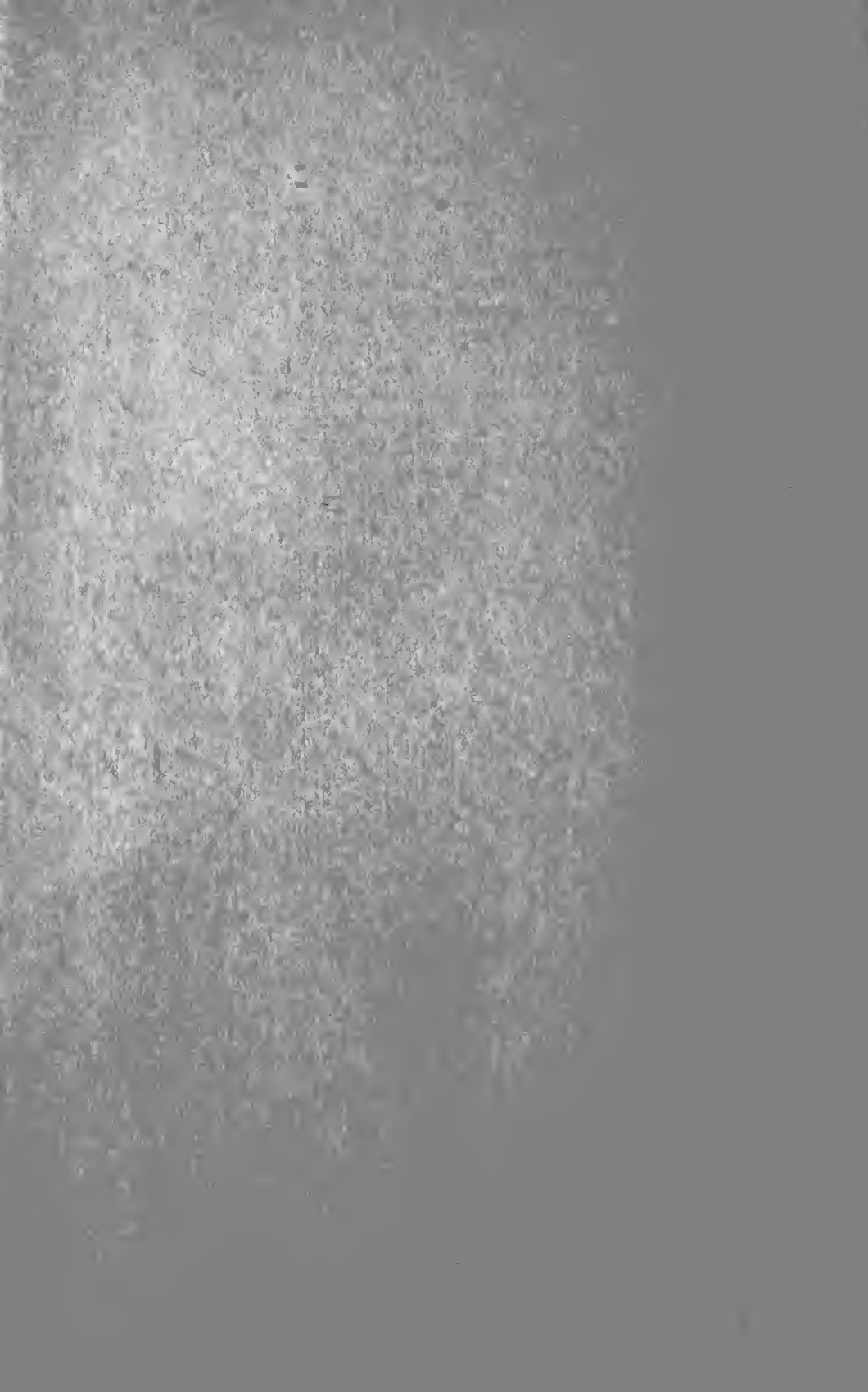
The kid has gone to the colors,
And it seems but a little while
Since he drilled a school boy army
In true marshal style.

But now he's a man—a soldier,
And we lend him a listening ear,
For his heart is a heart all loyal,
Unscourged by the curse of fear.

His dad, when he told him, he shuddered,
His mother, God bless her, cried,
Yet blessed with a motherly nature,
She wept with a mother's pride.

But he, whose old shoulders strengthened,
Was Granddad, for memory ran,
To years, when he, too—a youngster,
Was changed by the flag, to a man.



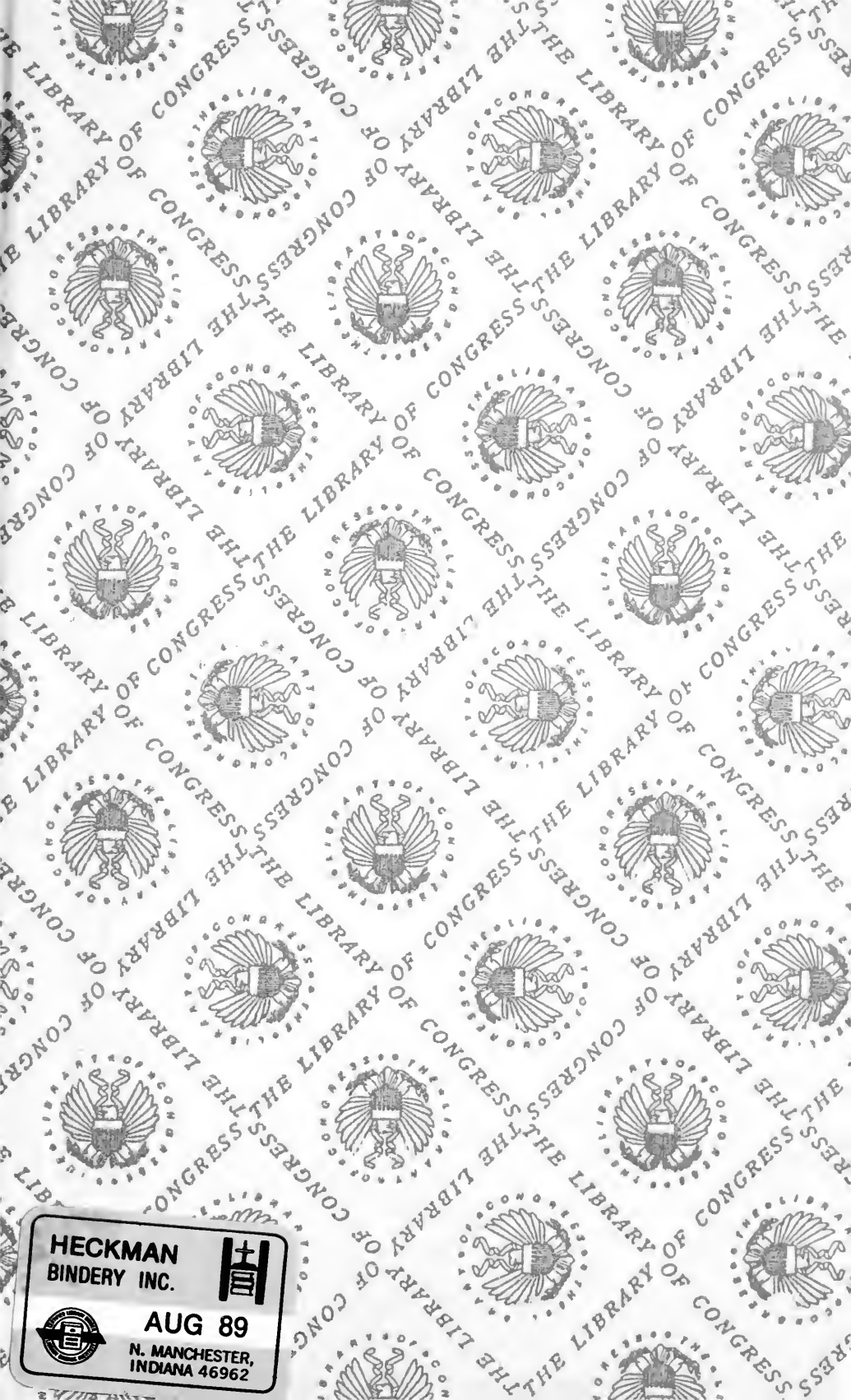




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